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THE FRENCH DEBATE.

THE world of Paris, like the world of London, loves to think and say ill-natured things of public men, and it has pronounced that M. OLLIVIER has been guilty of treason to his principles and his party. His brilliant speech on the Address has been accepted as the manifesto of this treason which he is supposed to have been long meditating. He himself announces that his opinions have undergone a change. He used to think that everything depended on the form of government, and that unless there was a republic there could be no freedom. He has now come to the conclusion that a republic could not be established in France without a revolution, which would be ruinous to the country, and would probably end in a dictatorship; and that the best course, therefore, is to try to make the Empire associate itself with the cause of political liberty. This is his treason, and we may safely leave it to Parisians to appreciate its enormity. To foreigners, the great interest of his speech is not the amount of treason involved in his accepting a position imposed on him, it might be thought, by the oath of allegiance which he, like every other deputy, has taken; it is the ground on which he rested his appeal for greater political liberty. He asserted, over and over again, most positively that the country was every day becoming more eager for a larger measure of freedom to be given it; he pointed out that the Government had fostered this wish by granting many partial concessions, and by allowing a period of repose from those great military undertakings which divert the minds of nations from internal to external politics; and lastly, he explained at length his reasons for thinking that the Government of the EMPEROR might incur great risk unless it yielded in time. This was very bold language, and it is of great importance to France and to Europe to know whether it is true. That there is a vague longing for liberty in France may be true or not, but it is very hard to prove it. M. OLLIVIER relied, in the first place, on the general proposition that periods of prosperity and peace always generate a wish for political liberty, and this is a very obvious and commonplace observation, and has been several times made by Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON. He referred also to the indication given by the elections of 1863, and asked the audience to remark two very significant facts—that Paris was still unanimous in its opposition to the Government, although desperate efforts had been made to shake this unanimity; and that, although the Government generally succeeded in bringing in its candidate, yet the Opposition seldom fought a battle without showing that it could at least rely on the support of a very imposing minority. Further, the Government was continually giving proofs of its being anxious to get the credit of liberality in every field except the political one, and had introduced many successive measures to remove restrictions from commerce, and to promote the independent action of local bodies. It was perfectly true that, in political matters, it was firm, or seemed to be firm, in its resistance to further change. It would not relax the fetters of the press; it would not allow responsible Ministers to sit in the Chamber; and it would insist on proposing its own candidates and getting them elected. But, in the face of the general wish of the country for more liberty, this could not go on always. Some day it must yield, or must fall—as the Governments of LOUIS XVI. and CHARLES X. and LOUIS PHILIPPE had fallen—from not yielding in time. The only question was as to the time when it would be wise to yield, and M. OLLIVIER was clear that the present moment happened to be exactly the right moment, and he therefore, for himself, put before the Imperial Government a distinct and striking alternative. If he saw the EMPEROR wise in time, and crowning the edifice exactly as it ought to be crowned, then he would be the most devoted, the most affectionate, of his adherents. If, on the

other hand, he saw a fatal resistance too long persisted in, if France was convulsed by angry passions, and mischief and ruin were spread on every hand, why then his soul would be torn, and this was a consequence that no Emperor could endure.

M. THIERS also thought that the time was come for the edifice to be crowned, or, rather, he declined to admit that the time had ever existed when the edifice ought to have been without its crown. And, in order more effectually to convince his hearers, he ventured on the bold proposition that if an aristocracy was needed for free government, there was an aristocracy in France. He apparently did not refer to the remains of the ancient noblesse, but he pointed out that, according to what he called a law of vegetation, one class was always pushing another class out of its place, and assuming the character of the class it had extruded. It may generally be accepted as certain that, whenever any one asserts that things in human society go on like scientific hobbies, such as foliation and crystals and the metamorphosis of plants, the assertion has no other value than that of suggesting a more or less inappropriate metaphor. If it is a law of vegetation that one bit of a plant should be always sprouting and growing like another, French history has certainly not taken the trouble to follow the laws of vegetation. Before the middle class, which is the sprout M. THIERS was thinking of chiefly, had had time to get like the old noblesse, the democracy sprouted into its place, and was not at all like the bourgeoisie. It is the privilege of a statesman of eminence, and in the decline of life, to command the attention of his hearers while he submits fancies to their approval; but no one thinks of really guiding French politics by laws of vegetation, which are probably imaginary, and certainly irrelevant. It was also a privilege, reasonably claimed by M. THIERS, that one of the first French authors of his day might, if he liked, speculate for the benefit of the Corps Legislatif on the meaning of the word "ingenious," and show that the EMPEROR had been wrong in applying the word to the current theories on political liberty. As M. THIERS said, the wish not to be sent to prison and kept there, without any reason for it, could not be accurately said to be ingenious. The Corps Legislatif will not be reclaimed from Imperialism by subtle and pleasant discussions of this sort. Nor can it be of much use to show that the French nation is not, and has not been, consulted on many points of the greatest importance to it. The Italian war was begun without its sanction, and French troops had entered Savoy before the news of the intended war had been announced. The Mexican expedition was taken in hand in the same way, and the EMPEROR managed it as he pleased until the check at Puebla made it necessary that he should account for sending out more troops and wanting more money. France was as little consulted about the September Convention, and very likely the majority of the nation would not have been so kind to the Italians as the EMPEROR was. No effect is really produced by such observations as these. Every one in France knows that the EMPEROR has directed the policy of the country for the last thirteen years; and he has been allowed to do so partly because no one dare oppose him, and partly because he is generally thought to have directed it well. He undertook to guide France as it ought to be guided, and there can be little doubt that his guidance has been thought good. The body of the French people have been willing to accept a position forced on them, and to allow an able, shrewd man, gifted with a faculty of understanding their mingled love of the ornamental and the useful, of glory and money-making, to say what line of foreign policy would be best. It is far more important if what M. THIERS corroborated M. OLLIVIER in saying is true, and if the French are now more alive to the dangers they run from the whole guidance of affairs being confided to the EMPEROR than to the advantages they may hitherto have drawn from it. And there was something, both in the

mode in which this was stated and in the mode in which the statement was received, which shows that there is a belief, even in the Corps Législatif—the members of which are, for the most part, mere Government nominees—that there is a much greater wish for some sort of political liberty than there used to be, and an increasing danger if this wish is too rudely baffled.

The Government speakers had in some respects a very easy task when they replied to these two leaders of the Opposition. If the Empire is to be accepted at all, there seems no special reason for disapproving of what it has done in the past year. The measures of internal legislation which it has proposed are confessedly good. It is a step in the right direction that the communes should be left more to themselves, that arrest for debt should be done away with as far as possible, that better means of communication should be afforded to agricultural districts. It is allowed on all hands to be a matter of congratulation that the cruel laws of public safety enacted in the panic caused by the ORSINI attempt, under which every one whom the police chose to suspect was placed absolutely at the mercy of the authorities, without any protection from the tribunals or from publicity, should have been allowed to expire, and at this moment have ceased to exist. Nor is the general policy of the EMPEROR seriously attacked. The Mexican expedition is still unpopular, but no speaker ventures to assert that the French can now retire from it. The September Convention might have raised as much opposition as any act of the Government can arouse in a body elected mainly by *Préfets*, had it not been for the Encyclical and the POPE's letter, whereas now there seems to be a general feeling that the EMPEROR is quite right in maintaining the rights of the State against the usurpations of the Church. M. OLLIVIER also warmly eulogized the EMPEROR for applying the principle of non-intervention to the Duchies, and letting the Schleswigers and the Holsteiners have their way. Therefore there was nothing to defend except the refusal of the Empire to cease to be itself. Political liberty is obviously inconsistent with the whole theory on which the Empire is founded. By political liberty, as M. THIERS explained, is meant the power of the nation to decide what it will do. By the Empire is meant that an Emperor shall decide what France shall do. The EMPEROR cannot permit his decisions to be too freely criticized, lest he should fall into contempt. It was probably not quite what he wished, that directly he appeared as an author he should have to drive a critic into exile; but there was no help for it. A man whose position depends on his keeping up his dignity and his reputation for wisdom cannot allow himself to be laughed at, or his policy to be reprobated. If he has Chambers at all, he must take care that they always do as he pleases. They may have just such an element of independence in them as to give him useful information, but no more. And Ministerial responsibility is wholly out of harmony with the general scheme; for either the Ministers are spokesmen, and they can then be no more responsible than the EMPEROR himself is responsible, or else they are persons whom he has invited to give him advice and assistance, and so long as he is satisfied with them on the whole, why should they be dismissed, although their advice may be sometimes wrong? No arguments can possibly shake the EMPEROR's position, except arguments which show that the Empire ought never to have existed, or that it ought now to cease to exist. But M. OLLIVIER, with the evident approbation of his audience, touched in a delicate but very bold way on the weak point of the Empire. The whole theory of the Empire is against hereditary government; and what is to happen when the EMPEROR dies? As M. OLLIVIER justly observed, he was discussing a contingency that was not uncertain, although he sincerely hoped it might be remote. The EMPEROR may live to be an old man, but some day he must die, and there is no reason why France should willingly allow a boy or a young man, of whom it knows nothing, to decide absolutely what is best for it, and what its policy shall be. Force may make it allow this, but the EMPEROR would be very reluctant to admit that the Empire represents, or could ever represent, mere armed strength. If his son were to be a constitutional monarch, he might have the best of all claims to reign—the claim of possession; but it might be a very difficult matter to start constitutional monarchy all at once. The question, therefore, is whether the EMPEROR will, now or at any future time, give up being Emperor in the true Imperialist sense, and turn himself into a constitutional monarch for the sake of his son. It is something that the expediency of his doing this as soon as possible, not only for the sake of France, but for his own sake and that of his family, should have been openly

insisted on by a leading deputy, and that this opinion should have evidently received a large amount of approbation from those who heard it.

WESTMINSTER CANDIDATES.

SOME natural surprise has been produced by the announcement that Mr. MILL is likely to become a candidate for Westminster. The metropolitan constituencies have been often subjected to just reproaches on account of the obscurity or mediocrity of the members whom they have generally returned to Parliament. The most indispensable qualification of a candidate has been a readiness to renounce all independence of opinion and action, and able men, if they can get into the House of Commons on easier terms, are unwilling to accept bundles of pledges which are opposed to the convictions of almost all educated minds. During a contest for Marylebone, two or three years ago, the competition in subserviency was carried to an extent which was considered ridiculous even by London electors. Mr. LAYARD's election for Southwark was in some respects a reaction against the carelessness of Marylebone and Finsbury, though even in selecting a well-known and able candidate the constituents could not refuse themselves the pleasure of exacting the customary homage of conformity with democratic commonplaces. A great man, or even one who passed for a great man, would perhaps be dispensed from the customary degradation. Sir CHARLES NAPIER, being popularly regarded as an ill-used hero, was allowed by his Lambeth constituents to indulge in many political vagaries, and if Mr. GLADSTONE would condescend to pay Finsbury the compliment of sitting for the borough, his reputation and eloquence would probably silence too curious inquiries into his political orthodoxy. The City has always stood apart from the surrounding constituencies, in consequence of the wholesome tradition which gives the great mercantile houses the virtual power of nominating the members. The main defect of the metropolitan boroughs is not so much that the electors are poor and inconveniently numerous, as that they are not guided by any local or municipal aristocracy. The people in one street know nothing of their neighbours in the next, while every citizen of London is proud of the wealth and influence of powerful and old-established firms. Even Westminster, with the advantage over the new boroughs of a history of its own, shares in the defect of not possessing a recognised centre. The best quality of the London electors is their fidelity to the objects of their choice. The most insignificant member, when he has once been returned, has generally the option of sitting for life; and, provided his name appears on the right side in the division lists, no troublesome patriot ever asks whether he has done anything to promote the ballot, or household suffrage, or any other article of his supposed creed. Among politicians of equal capacity and fitness, an old member of Parliament is safer, and even wiser, than an upstart. The periodical repetition of unsound statements on the hustings is considered on all sides as an unmeaning form, and not as a genuine profession of faith; and twenty years of Parliamentary experience, if they produce no other improvement, almost always suppress inconvenient enthusiasm, and wear out individual presumption. Love of the ballot must be strong if it survives a dozen anniversary celebrations of Mr. BERKELEY's motion. When there was a chance that a Reform Bill might be passed in 1859, some of the metropolitan members took an active part in the useful and singular proceedings by which it was defeated or abandoned.

The appearance of Captain GROSVENOR as a candidate for Westminster appears to have created some hesitation in the minds of scrupulous electors. It was perfectly evident that this aspirant to Parliamentary honours knew nothing about politics, and that he cared, if possible, less. On his first appearance, he was not even sufficiently familiar with the prejudices of ten-pound householders to abstain from the expression of opinions which he had unconsciously imbibed in social and professional intercourse with an entirely different class. Most young Guardsmen probably think that the Northern Americans are underbred republicans, whom it would be desirable to punish for their arrogance if an opportunity occurred; while the politicians of Westminster, with as much or as little knowledge of the matter, could not fail to accept the repeated assurance of their democratic teachers that the cause of the Federal Government was that of liberty and equality. In several other instances, Captain GROSVENOR deviated from the beaten track of Westminster politics, not from an eccentric preference for original truths, but because his inexperience was not corrected by any sympathy with the popular sentiment. In his later

speeches he has gradually approached to the established form, and there is no reason to doubt that, by the time of the general election, he will have learnt to repeat his lesson with satisfactory adherence to the text. The constituency is well contented to return a fashionable young gentleman with a well-known name, nor would any opposition have been suggested but for a suspicion that Westminster was placing itself in a slightly ludicrous position. There are many reasons for electing young members of Parliament, and there is safety in the custom which gives a preference to the sons of rich and titled families. Captain GROSVENOR may possibly hereafter become a useful man of business, and, at the worst, his name and his station in life furnish a sufficient security against revolutionary propensities.

Some stern politicians have been scandalized at the tribute which democracy in England so often pays to aristocracy. It has been thought that the confidence of Westminster should be reposed in wisdom and knowledge, and a laudable ambition induced the malcontents to select at once the most celebrated living writer on the deeper questions of political doctrine. If Mr. MILL likes to sit for Westminster, it would be creditable to the constituency to prefer him to obscurer rivals. Ninety-nine voters in a hundred have never read Mr. MILL's works, nor would they be capable either of understanding his arguments or of caring for the subjects which he has discussed; but reverence for intellect is best evinced by accepting the authority of competent judges. The people of Westminster, although few of them have heard of Mr. MILL, have reason for their belief that his life has been not unsuccessfully spent in abstruse and useful inquiries. It is also easy to understand that his doctrines verge, in many directions, on extreme Liberalism, and perhaps it may be rumoured that his political economy is not altogether free from a certain tendency to socialism. The novelty of a metropolitan member who came to teach rather than to learn, or affect to learn, might well excite the complacent interest of a judicious constituency. Nobody supposes that either Captain GROSVENOR or the majority of the sitting members for the London boroughs have any special reason for supporting Reform, and Ballot, and the rest; but it would be quite certain that Mr. MILL thought what he said, and that, if he chose to accept the popular pledges, they coincided with his previous convictions. A considerable latitude might fairly be allowed to one who added authority to Liberal theories, instead of merely hanging on to the doctrines which happen to be locally dominant. Nothing could be more repugnant to the feelings of a Westminster elector than the concession of the smallest rights to a minority which has never been allowed to raise its head in London; yet Mr. MILL's advocacy of artificial contrivances for breaking the flow of democratic unanimity would be tolerated as a crotchet, or perhaps admired as an unintelligible paradox. As long as the eminent candidate was, on the whole, regarded as a genuine Liberal, individual eccentricities of thought would be readily pardoned.

It is not likely that, at a comparatively advanced age, after a life spent in occupations of a different kind, Mr. MILL would either achieve or attempt a prominent Parliamentary career. His studies, however, have, with few exceptions, had a practical bearing, and he held for many years an important post among the home servants of the East India Company. Few persons are better acquainted with administrative practice, and a knowledge of Indian affairs is not a common accomplishment in the House of Commons. On all economical questions, notwithstanding the doubts which attach to his perfect orthodoxy as a teacher of the science, Mr. MILL's judgment would command deserved respect; and it is also possible that he might attract attention to some opinions which would scarcely force a hearing if they were advanced on any meaner authority. There is room in the House of Commons for a philosopher, although the ordinary business of Parliament has little direct connexion with first principles. On the whole, it is desirable that the experiment which has been proposed should be practically tried. In default of an opponent confessedly superior to himself, Captain GROSVENOR would do perfectly well for a Westminster member; but if Mr. MILL ultimately determines on standing, it would be but graceful for the younger candidate to retire. His family would perhaps excusably think that he had been badly treated, but the public loss from the rejection or postponement of his services would not be severely felt. The metropolitan boroughs have hitherto failed to understand their own proper function of providing seats for eminent statesmen who happen to have no local claims on smaller constituencies. The election of Mr. MILL would possibly engender a wholesome rivalry even in Marylebone and

Finsbury, although scholars and abstruse writers would seldom be available for Parliamentary purposes. If Mr. MILL refuses, the attention of the constituency may perhaps be directed to some other candidate who is recommended by personal merit. If at last they have to fall back upon Captain GROSVENOR, no great harm to the country or the Constitution need be apprehended.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE conclusion to which most English readers will have come, from a perusal of the debate of Tuesday night, will probably be that the institution with whose name we have headed this article deserves its name for more reasons than one. It is the most Irish of all possible difficulties. Everything about it reeks with the racy flavour of the soil on which it has grown. Its existence, its defects, the complaints made by its enemies, the apology offered by the Ministers who defend it—the potato runs through them all. The idea of sending a well-paid hierarchy, composed of the conquering race, to convert the subjugated race from the religion of its friends to the religion of its conquerors, was a blunder unworthy of the genius of ELIZABETH, and one which could not have been committed upon any other soil. She has prepared for us the difficulty of governing, according to the maxims of the nineteenth century, two populations of rival religionists animated by the blind fanaticism of the twelfth; and the heritage she has bequeathed to us we shall probably transmit to many a generation yet to come. But the difficulty, even as we have it, might in some degree be adjusted if we had a population whose feelings were cast in any ordinary mould. In no other country would there be any inclination to maintain benefited clergymen in districts where there was no possibility that they should have a congregation. The most jealous regard for the sacredness of endowments yields to the fact that the object for which the endowment was made has disappeared. No one would think of maintaining an endowment to teach Cornish, when no one was willing to learn it. The most devoted respect for the wishes of the dead would not be inconsistent with the sale of a leper-house, when there were no longer any lepers to be cured. And, on the same principle, the absolute want of a congregation would, anywhere but in Ireland, be thought fatal to the utility of a benefited clergyman. That the contrary of this simple proposition should be maintained might seem a sufficient allowance of absurdity to any single controversy. But the other side are equally determined to prove that they are Irish too. Those to whose faith the inhabitants of the parishes in question belong might, without absurdity, have demanded that the endowments should be transferred to them. It would be an impracticable claim—because compulsory transference of property from one class to another class is only another phrase for revolution; but it would not be ridiculous. A more moderate and sensible demand would have been that a similar endowment should be provided from some other source for them. But the Roman Catholics do not feel comfortable when they have got a good case. It is not what they are accustomed to, and they will not have it. So they, too, have taken up the most extravagant position that was open to them under the circumstances. They have determined neither to acquiesce in the exclusive endowment of their adversaries, nor to have that endowment transferred to themselves, nor to accept any co-ordinate endowment. They have resolved to confine their whole aspirations in ecclesiastical matters to the one object of seeing their rivals turned out of doors. They don't want the bone themselves, but the intolerable oppression, with which nothing will induce them to put up, is that another dog should have it. Now the pangs of starvation are intelligible, and it is conceivable that they should be aggravated by the sight of another man's good dinner. But the stomach which declines to be filled itself, and craves for nothing else but that some other stomach should be empty too, is a very inscrutable organ indeed. Spite is a very nice feeling in itself, but in no other country is it regarded as an adequate substitute for victuals.

The Government, who undertook to uphold the Irish Church, were apparently determined not to mar the unity of the spectacle, and accordingly exerted themselves to act up to the Hibernian humour of the hour. At least this is the most favourable interpretation that can be put upon the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE. It was a speech admirably calculated to defeat the only views which any honest Government could be expected to entertain upon the question. The whole difficulty of the case arises out of the feelings that are involved on both sides. If there

were no excitement upon the subject, the Irish Church might be safely let alone, for it is doing no harm to anybody; or, on the other hand, the objections against it might be adjusted without difficulty, for the disappearance of the flockless pastors, taken by itself, would incommode nobody except their butchers and bakers. The only aim of legislation, the only object of discussion, should be to devise means for calming agitation and appeasing animosities. Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of meeting this necessity, if indeed he desired to meet it, was worthy of the country which is the arena of the controversy. The first part of his speech was devoted to the establishment of the proposition that the Irish Church Establishment ought to be swept away; and the second, to the proposition that it is nobody's duty to sweep it away. He first laid down, in the most extreme terms, that its present condition was a gross injustice to the Roman Catholic population, and that all proposed remedies short of absolute confiscation were hopeless; and then proceeded to explain to the Roman Catholics that this injustice was riveted on their necks by the Protestants of England and of Scotland. No one can deny that this was a strictly Irish method of pacifying exasperated parties. Of course another interpretation can be placed upon it. The old advice, always to treat your friends as if they may some day be your enemies, is frequently applied by the prudence of modern statesmen to the sacred bench upon which they sit. They always contemplate the possible arrival of the dreaded moment when they shall have to look upon that bench no longer with the eyes of fondness, but of hostility. They deem it the part of wisdom to use the opportunities of office for the purpose of providing strong places to which they can retreat in the calamitous hour of opposition. A Minister has sadly thrown away his advantages who, when he is turned out, does not go into opposition armed with a goodly store of serviceable grievances. Lord RUSSELL, presaging misfortune, has been burnishing up the old rusty franchise grievance. Mr. GLADSTONE, besides furnishing his colleague with valuable assistance in that labour, has probably thought of providing himself with a cry of his own. Now, a grievance may be treated in two ways for the purpose of securing popularity. If the Minister can remove it, it may be worth his while to do so, especially if he expects to remain in office for some time longer. But if it cannot be removed, and the tenure of office be precarious, the prudent tactician will do his best to aggravate the grievance in order to embarrass his successor. He will say what he can to set class against class, to exaggerate the difficulties of the case, and to dissipate all hopes of a remedy. If Mr. GLADSTONE should ever meet with the misfortune of losing office, his two speeches, upon Mr. BAINES' Bill last year and Mr. DILLWYN's motion this year, will furnish him with a ready base for future operations.

There was one portion of the last speech, however, in which Mr. GLADSTONE rather consulted his feelings than his reason. Nothing could be more judicious, from the purely personal point of view, than to attach to himself the Roman Catholic members, by exasperating them against the Protestant clergy. But it was not necessary to include in his attack the Irish landlords, and through them the landlord class in general. The fact that twenty-five per cent. out of the tithes had been abandoned to the landlords by Act of Parliament, when the new arrangements for collection were made, was no doubt a tempting one, considering the relations which have generally existed between the landlords and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. There was no resisting the opportunity of spreading a panic among them, by hinting that whenever his great measure for the abolition of the Irish Church should come, he intended to take all that money back again. But still it was an injudicious indulgence of feeling. It is quite clear that, if property made over by Act of Parliament to an individual may be resumed at will thirty years afterwards, a principle is established which will affect many other people besides Irish landlords. But Mr. GLADSTONE never can resist the temptation to a little bit of socialism, when it comes in his way.

THE PORTUGUESE AND THE FEDERALS.

IF the facts which thus far have come to our knowledge are substantially correct, there can be no question that the Portuguese were quite right in firing on the Federal men-of-war which were leaving, or seemed to be leaving, a Portuguese port without waiting the prescribed time after the departure of an enemy's vessel—unless, indeed, the acts of the American commander were such as to make it evident that he was only shifting his anchorage without any intention of going

out of harbour. After what happened in Brazil, where the neutrality of a weak State was grossly outraged under very similar circumstances, the Portuguese could have had no sense of self-respect if they had hesitated to enforce their undoubted rights as a neutral Power in the most summary and unmistakable way possible. And although a life has been lost, and so far what has occurred is to be regretted, there is otherwise much reason to be pleased with it. A very dangerous precedent might have been set, and a very dangerous confidence created, if the American war had ended without something to show that small neutral Powers are not to have their rights infringed. The whole system of international law is based on the theory that the sovereignty of a small State is to be respected as much as that of a larger one; and if this theory were not practically carried out, small States could not exist at all. It is also in every way beneficial to big States that they should be obliged to consider what rights other States have irrespectively of their strength; and it is an admirable aid to national education when public opinion in any great country has to shape itself according to what, after discussion, is found to be legally due to neighbours who could be crushed in an instant. English statesmanship has been greatly elevated, and the tone of English public opinion has been largely widened, by the long and unwearied protest that has been persistently, and at last successfully, made against the notion, so dear to Ministers of the older generation, that it was the mission of this country, in the interests of temperate freedom and enlightened Protestantism, to bully diplomatically all the second-rate States of Europe. In the same way, the Americans may gain very much by having to examine carefully the question at issue between them and the Portuguese. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that, if they know themselves to be in the wrong, they will hesitate to own it. But they, like people of an impulsive, quick temper and intellect both in private and public, may be greatly enlightened and improved if they have occasionally to examine a question in which they are deeply interested, on definite, minute, and purely legal grounds. It is sobering and instructive, instead of flaring up about Eagles and Stars and Stripes, to have to discover what are the exact rights of neutrals over belligerents in their ports, and how these rights may be enforced. Nothing calms national vanity so much as to find that obedience is being paid to a definite rule which other nations equally acknowledge; and as the rules of international law are, with few exceptions, the fruit of sound practical wisdom and long experience, such a knowledge of them as follows the discussion of any point raised in a case of wide interest does good, although it may be rather narrow and superficial.

It may turn out that the Portuguese really did fire too soon, and in that case they would owe the Federals reparation, both for the havoc they actually did, and for the invasion of the rights of a belligerent. It is utterly immaterial which side proves to have been in the right, so long as the whole occurrence is discussed without any appeal to national feeling, and solely on legal grounds and in a judicial spirit. The greatest danger that threatens the civilized world at this moment—the danger of a collision between the United States and either England or France, or both—may, it is to be hoped, be altogether averted if the questions which are likely to provoke it are debated as they would be debated by men with a knowledge of the principles of international law, guarded in speech, and anxious, not for victory, but for equity. The great grievance, for example, of the Federals against England is that the *Alabama* was suffered to escape, and did great damage to American commerce; and it is said that an estimate has been made of these losses, and that, when the war with the South is over, we are to be asked to make good all the damage thus sustained. To this we have to reply, that we are quite ready to examine the case on the legal principles applicable to it, and to pay a fair compensation, if any compensation can be justly asked. In the first place, we should have excellent ground for contesting the assumption that the actual loss inflicted ought to be the measure of damage. Directly the *Alabama* got to sea, she was the vessel of a belligerent, and we could not possibly get her again into our power without committing an act of war against the Confederates. It was for the other belligerent Power to capture her; and if that other belligerent chose to use all its available vessels in blockading expeditions, or only sent after her vessels far too heavy and old to catch her, we could not possibly be responsible for the results of a policy over which we had no kind of control. On the other hand, we may admit that it was our duty to have stopped the *Alabama* from leaving our ports directly there was any satisfactory evidence of her

destination, and so far as our legal system and executive machinery would permit us to act. The question would then be one of fact, and would simply turn on the issue whether our Government was guilty of wilful or of gross negligence. But if on this the Americans and we disagree, who is to decide between us? It must not be assumed that we should differ, for the discussion of a legal question in a temperate, courteous, and fair way generally leads to an agreement. But we might find that we could not come to an understanding, and then the matter ought plainly to be referred to arbitration. It ought never to be permitted that the plain rules of international law should be referred to arbitration, for this would be to do away with international law altogether; but all questions as to particular facts, and as to the amount of compensation, may be referred to arbitration, and we ought always to approach them with a determination to offer to refer them to arbitration before war is in any way mentioned or threatened. We could not have offered to refer the case of the *Trent* to arbitration, because it involved a distinct invasion of neutral rights. So, too, the Portuguese could not allow any arbitration to decide whether they were or were not right in requiring that the ship of one belligerent should remain in their port for twenty-four hours after a ship of the other belligerent had left it. But they might very well refer to arbitration the question of fact, whether the acts of the American commander were such as to raise a fair presumption that he was purposing to leave the harbour, and if this was decided against the Portuguese, the arbitrator might be further empowered to assess the amount of compensation.

The French are threatened with an attack on Mexico, because it is supposed that the establishment of the Empire there is an infraction of the MONROE doctrine. The only way to meet this threat is to enquire what the MONROE doctrine really is, how far it rests on any sound and defensible basis, and whether it has been violated or not. It owed its origin to the following circumstances. The revolution in the Spanish colonies was going on at the same time that revolutions were either breaking out in Europe or were daily threatened or provoked. To check them the Holy Alliance was formed, and it was not merely a defensive alliance, intended to keep up the existing order of things, but it also proposed to put down every symptom of rebellious disaffection, Liberalism, and Republicanism wherever it could be found. It regarded every rebellion, wherever it might be, as a demonstration against the holy principle of authority and the sacred rights of kings; and among other things it bitterly disapproved of the revolt of the Spanish colonies, and began to form plans for helping Spain to reduce her colonies to subjection. Mr. MONROE, the President of the United States, protested against the interference as wholly unwarrantable, and declared that the United States could not suffer that Republicanism should be put down at their very doors simply because it was Republicanism. To coerce the Spanish colonies on this pretext was a direct menace to the United States, and must lead to endless complications; for if the Sovereigns of the Holy Alliance tried to put down Republicanism in America, the Americans must, in self-defence, try to uphold Republicanism in Europe, and thus the States would be involved in all the difficulties and dangers of European struggles. The PRESIDENT thought it better to make a stand at once, which he did with the hearty encouragement of England, and his firmness was successful. It is obvious that the establishment of the Mexican Empire is not in any way connected with the MONROE doctrine as understood by President MONROE. This Empire is not meant, and could not possibly be regarded, as a menace to Republicanism. It was founded, not because the French wished to put down a Republic, but because the Mexicans, as it was supposed, wished for an Empire. If they wish for an Empire, why should they not have it? President MONROE would never have thought his doctrine could exclude the Spanish colonies from making their peace with Spain, if they thought, on reflection, that they would prefer to be under a monarchy rather than to exist as independent republics. It is true that the MONROE doctrine is very much misrepresented in America, for it is supposed to mean that no European Power shall have a preponderating influence in any part of America. Either this is a pure absurdity, or it means that the States have a right to resist any alteration in the relative strength of the communities around them which would seriously endanger them. This would be a very defensible proposition, but it would not be the MONROE doctrine; and if the question of the establishment of the Empire of Mexico is fairly and temperately discussed in America, the Americans will see that the

MONROE doctrine is not in point. If they still think themselves aggrieved, they must put their grievance in a new shape, and will be forced to ask themselves, not only whether the proposition they lay down is sound, but whether the facts of the case are really as they take them to be. If nothing else were gained, it would at any rate be an advantage that vague declamations about the MONROE doctrine would be got rid of for the future.

ITALY.

THE last months of Turin's supremacy appear destined to pass away under a cloud. Much allowance must be made for the difficulties of a scarcely organized Kingdom, yet no patriotic Italian can be satisfied with the state of Italian affairs. The escapades of the late Ministry have been so many and so serious that it is impossible even for a generous nation to forget them. Italy can scarcely expect her finances to be in a flourishing condition; but the recent administrators of the Italian Treasury stand accused of more than mere improvidence. What Count BISMARCK does upon the housetop, they have done in the privacy of their closets. It seems impossible to doubt that large sums of public money have been illegally dealt with; and even if there has not been any cooking of accounts, but only gross blundering in matters of simple book-keeping, the representatives of the country cannot, without treason to their duty and to the Constitution, draw a curtain over the past. Italy may not be able to balance her income and her expenditure in the present abnormal condition in which she is placed, but she cannot afford, in addition, to be fleeced by the culpable negligence and carelessness of clumsy or unscrupulous financiers. The worst consequence of such revelations is that they shake a confidence in the morality of official men which in Italy, at the best of times, is never very strong. A large party is already only too much inclined to believe in the corruption of Italian Parliaments and the dishonesty of Italian officials. Unfortunately, there is no statesman living who commands the enthusiastic respect of all classes; and every fresh combination that the Italians try fails upon trial. Among the Deputies there is no scarcity of able thinkers; but their ability appears to take rather a literary and theoretical than a practical and statesmanlike turn. When they discuss matters of constitutional interest, the best speakers discuss them cleverly and with learning, and exhibit a singular genius for inventive and artistic legislation. But they do not easily work together, nor is each generally known beyond his own constituency or province. They are obliged, accordingly, to relinquish the direction of the national Government to a few notables whose forte lies in Parliamentary finesse. Ministry after Ministry is formed without much popular enthusiasm, drifts along for a while without winning popular strength, and then breaks up from its own inherent weakness. Meanwhile, the extreme party of action stands aloof, and tells the crowds who listen to it that Italy is being betrayed by its successive Governments. The fiascoes of the MINGHETTI Cabinet have been so extraordinary as to do some harm, in the minds of the masses, to the cause of Monarchy itself, and to give the enemies of moderation, and the friends of either anarchy or reaction, abundant occasion to rejoice. During the last year MAZZINI had lost a great deal in public opinion throughout Italy. His followers are raising their heads again, owing to the general dismay or discontent of which M. MINGHETTI's Cabinet has been the cause. The personal popularity of the KING preserves him from any immediate danger of annoyance; but a dynasty which is threatened on the one side by the Church of Rome, and on the other side by the Revolution, and which is just beginning its reign over new and unfamiliar subjects, might in the long run be seriously imperilled by the want of competent Ministers. In spite of the defeat which it has sustained in the Chamber of Deputies on the subject of capital punishment, the present Administration may last long enough to open and to organize the new Government offices at Florence. But indications are not wanting to show that it cannot permanently command the support or toleration of the Parliament. When it is gone, nobody seems left of whom experiment has not been made in vain already. M. RATTAZZI is a standing dish, which has been served up often before now, and which before long will probably be served up again, with no more than the usual success. *Exoriare aliquis* has been, since the death of CAVOUR, a continual prayer of Italy, to which the gods turn only a deaf ear.

The rumours of a secret treaty, and of a further rectification of the French frontier, according to General LA MARMORA, were ridiculous, but they continue, in spite of General LA MARMORA,

to agitate the Italian public. The masses remember the Ministerial disclaimers that preceded the annexation of Nice and Savoy; and the eight pages of parchment rolled up with blue ribbon, which M. MAZZINI informs the world are in the cabinet of the Minister VISCONTI VENOSTA, have taken firm hold on the popular imagination. M. VISCONTI VENOSTA, with proper fervour, repudiates all idea of sacrificing his country; but then it is replied that official denials are worth little when the accused knows all about the real story, and the accusers only are in the dark. Perhaps the ribbon that surrounds the roll may be green, and not blue; or there may be nine pages instead of eight. Perhaps France has only reserved the right of suggesting territorial changes, without exacting a promise that they shall be accepted. The great HALE says of a charge of rape, that it is a charge easy to be made, hard to be proved, but harder still to be disproved, even by an innocent person. The charge of secret diplomatic trafficking labours under similar disadvantages. It may not be true, but it is certain that, even if it were true, it might be always confidently met with an official disclaimer. A moderate amount of white lies would doubtless be conceded by the moral philosophy of PALEY to a badgered Minister. Lord PALMERSTON probably knows the furthest point to which sagacious statesmen may go before drawing the line; but, for ordinary purposes of calculation, it may be taken that the latitude permitted to the godly in such cases is sufficient for the utmost requirements of diplomacy. A few weeks before Nice and Savoy were surrendered, the Governors of Nice and Chambery distinguished themselves by the most elaborate contradictions of the projected cession; and we have no reason to believe that the gentlemen in question lost prestige or employment on account of their little conventional inaccuracies. The vehement assertions, indeed, of General LA MARMORA are generally understood to be sincere. But the sceptical observe that it is neither necessary nor probable that LA MARMORA should or would be made privy to a secret stipulation which in all likelihood some less innocent person might be more fitted to carry out. The extreme danger in which the Monarchy would be involved by any oblique transaction is, upon the whole, the best ground for thinking that, at all events, no formal arrangement has been made. A mysterious stipulation of the kind would be an act of treason, not merely to Italy, but to the dynasty of the reigning king. An Italian monarch might, in a moment of fatuity, consent to give up the oldest portion of his kingdom, but he would be the last monarch of his house. The act which dismembered his territory would be a virtual abdication of his crown in favour of the revolution, and any royal betrayer of Italy's Alpine fortress would run imminent risk of paying for his fault by being crushed beneath the bucklers of the entering Gauls. Yet the French EMPEROR's unintelligible delight at the transfer of the Italian capital to Florence would be explained if we gave credit to the supposition that he has been revolving visionary projects of aggrandizement in his inventive and fertile mind. The hypothesis of a secret treaty is gratuitous and uncalled for. The blue ribbon in M. VISCONTI VENOSTA's cabinet may perhaps tie up, not a private French bargain, but an insolent French threat. It is enough to make Italy serious, and to arouse the disquietude of Italy's best friends, if the slightest hint has been formally given of the necessity of future compensation. This species of disquietude is more easily excited than allayed. Before the suspicion existed, France had already become thoroughly unpopular in Italy. Now that it exists, the future diplomatic relations of the two countries will not be free from embarrassment. A vague fear that many Genoese would not look with disapprobation on the change has disheartened the remainder of the North of Italy; and a general feeling of gloom and anxiety has been shed around the royal exchange of Florence for Turin.

The official explanations given in the French Senate have not lightened the present solicitude of the Italians. Nobody feels convinced that the Imperial policy with respect to Rome will be straightforward or liberal. The Roman Government has received definite warning that the French troops are soon to be withdrawn. At the same time, it is absolutely certain that large quantities of ammunition have, within the last three weeks, been forwarded to Rome from France; and whether the French will relinquish Civita Vecchia when they relinquish the Holy City remains still to be seen. If M. DE LA GUERONNIERE rightly reads the taciturn soul of his Imperial master, it is evident that the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power will continue to be a settled part of the Imperial programme. Yet that notorious Senator, even if he under-

stands the wishes and projects of his patron, cannot prophesy how far NAPOLEON III. may be willing hereafter to modify his projects to suit the current of events, and no one can map out with certainty a future line of action for the illustrious biographer of CÆSAR, whose theory is that genius itself cannot mould or calculate the future. It is not to be expected that France will definitely pledge herself to maintain the POPE at Rome. So far, however, as is compatible with reserving to himself liberty of action, the French EMPEROR has plainly informed Italy, by his own lips and by the lips of all his Ministers in turn, that she shall not have the Tiber if he can help it. It may be that this is only a commercial artifice to increase the market price that Italy must pay for Rome. In any case, the announcement has been so often and so loudly made that it has begun to strike a chill into the hearts of most moderate Italians. On the one hand, the EMPEROR's life is a guarantee to them against external oppression; on the other hand, the EMPEROR's life seems to stand between them and their ambition. Nor do they see any possibility of that reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy to which NAPOLEON III. is always professing to look forward. The famous *Non Possumus* with which the POPE meets all attempts to extract from him an acquiescence in his past losses, like GEORGE III.'s celebrated reference to his Coronation oath, depends less on conscientious scruple than on constitutional obstinacy. If there were no other barrier between the Italians and their Church besides the annexation of the Romagna, the cloud might pass and be forgotten. History tells us that the oath taken by the Popes, not to dispose of any of the temporalities of the Church, was designed originally to put an end to a system of nepotism that had been too prevalent at Rome, and was directed, not against foreign conquerors, but against the donations too liberally made "*nepotibus et aliis consanguineis*." It was akin to the famous ordinance in France which three centuries ago declared the royal domain inalienable for ever. The casuistry which converts such a pledge into a declaration of hostility to the new Kingdom of Italy is pretty certain to be ephemeral. It did not prevent Pius VI. from renouncing the Legations at the time of the Treaty of Tolentino, and a future Pontiff may not place on his inaugural oath the forced interpretation which Pius Nono and his collected bishops seem resolved to attach to it. The true obstacle to any reconciliation lies in the determination of the Papacy to adhere to its antiquated notions of the privileges of the clergy in all Catholic States. Italy must, therefore, make up its mind to a long course of internal conflict and dissension. The very laws with which the last Parliament of Turin is now busy, necessary as they are for public order, contain a crop of future trouble. Ministerial defalcations, a heavy deficit, an absence of trustworthy political leaders, rumours of external aggression, and a mass of religious and civil difficulties are the gloomy side of the Italian picture. The bright side consists in the attachment of the Italians to their idea of national unity, and their unshaken confidence that the sunny days of Italy are yet to come.

PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian Ministers are gradually discovering that absolute principles of government are incompatible with the most limited Parliamentary system. Where logic is all on one side, the perpetual reassertion of an immovable determination becomes constantly weaker in its operation. When philosophers have constructed imaginary commonwealths on the model of the human microcosm, they have been compelled to assume that the Executive will act in strict conformity or subordination to the sovereign reason; but, in practice, the volition of kings has generally been exempt from similarly inconvenient restrictions. Their command or their choice has served instead of argument, and they have left it to commentators in later ages to prove that whatever CÆSAR did was rightly done. Discussion is fatal to political infallibility, if not to divine right, for a despot can scarcely inspire universal awe and reverence when his subjects are listening to incessant demonstrations of the inconsistency and absurdity of his conduct. The Prussian Deputies are not in general men of conspicuous ability, nor do they enjoy the inestimable advantage of that social position which has been a main element in the power of the English Parliament; but they are all well-educated, and they address an intelligent community. Speeches which would be thought diffuse and pedantic in London or Paris may probably be congenial to the atmosphere of Berlin. The patient German nation is never in a hurry, and it distrusts every policy or system which proves to be theoretically indefensible. Notwithstanding the

frequent interference of the Government, the House of Deputies, on the whole, represents the independent choice of the constituency. NAPOLEON III., who is incomparably more adroit than the King of PRUSSIA, would probably be unable to manage his Legislative Body if he had not begun by nominating the great majority of the members. It is also found necessary in France to crowd all the political debating of a year into the first fortnight or three weeks of the Session. Half a dozen amendments to the Address, which are certain to be defeated, must be regarded as a moderate fine or composition for the exercise of uncontrolled power. The Prussian Chamber inflicts more chronic vexation on the King and his Ministers. The Opposition becomes constantly more formidable as the issue between the Parliament and the Crown is more thoroughly understood. The House is willing to run the risk of a forcible suppression of constitutional right, and, unless the Government resorts to so desperate a measure, the defeat of the absolutist faction is inevitable.

Since the commencement of the Session the Ministers have constantly lost ground. The glories of Duppel are becoming obsolete, and the hope that foreign aggression would become more popular than domestic freedom has proved abortive. As a speaker in the House lately observed, the encroachments of Royal prerogative repel the sympathy of the minor States, which might otherwise consent to be absorbed in a great constitutional monarchy. It is at least certain that a divided and discontented population is not likely to achieve national aggrandisement. The chief strength, however, of the Parliamentary party lies in the present or future financial necessities of the Government. The traditional frugality of Prussian administration has been seriously compromised by the King's military tastes and aspirations. It may perhaps still be true that no other State gets so much for its outlay; but the expenditure presses hard on the revenue, and there is already an accumulation of irregular, if not illegal, Budgets. It is not disputed that the taxes remain in force until they are repealed; but the House has not for three or four years exercised the right which it claims of appropriating the national receipts to the various departments of the public service, and it is doubtful whether it has not the power of determining the total amount of the different taxes, as well as the rate at which they are levied. It will be less possible to question its exclusive privilege of imposing new taxes, or of sanctioning the loans which an ambitious policy would soon render indispensable. The military expenditure has increased by one half within a few years; and the German fleet, which is to be a principal result of the conquest of Schleswig, has still to be built, to be equipped, and to be maintained. Herr VON BISMARCK and his colleagues probably expected to find themselves on the popular side in their contest with vulgar traders and professors who presumed to thwart patriotic aspirations; and foreigners, remembering the clamorous enthusiasm of 1864, would not have been surprised if the King, representing the victorious army of Duppel, had carried with him the feelings of his subjects. But the opportunity, if it ever occurred, has been irrecoverably lost. Duppel is taken, the Budget is not voted, and the debates become every day more acrimonious. Even the German fleet is, by common consent, relegated into the still more distant future, and the innovations in the organization of the army, which might in themselves have been expedient, have become odious, as infringements of constitutional right.

The Ministers and their supporters, constantly baffled in a controversy which they still but imperfectly understand, display a feeling of irritation which indicates conscious helplessness. An indiscreet partisan lately warned the House that, by refusing to vote the Budget, it incurred the risk of a Budget signed by the King independently of all Parliamentary sanction. The House was immediately seized with one of those fits of ironical loyalty which are among the most convenient methods of exposing absolutist pretensions. Indignant orators demanded satisfaction for the libellous insinuation that the King was capable of an act of perjured usurpation. As the proposed act of violence would be intrinsically invalid, the privileges of the House were supposed not to be compromised by the unseasonable suggestion, but the unfortunate loyalist had insulted the object of his exclusive devotion by attributing to the King a hypothetical crime. The MINISTER OF WAR has been guilty of nearly equal imprudence in repeatedly insisting on the necessity of increasing the numbers of the army, with or without the sanction of the House. In many instances his language has been directly menacing, although nothing can be more indiscreet than to play, or threaten to play, the last card before the decisive moment. Both the Government and the Deputies are perfectly aware that the House has nothing more or less to fear than the violent abolition or suspension of the Consti-

tution. The consequences would be more favourable to revolution than to royalty, and some trust is perhaps still reposed in the prudence, and even in the conscience, of the King. The assumption of absolute or dictatorial power would, in addition to other disadvantages, destroy all immediate prospect of consolidating Prussian supremacy in the Confederation, for Austria would not fail to profit by so gross a blunder by assuming the lead of the moderate or constitutional party. The King himself would, at the best, have to begin the work of creating a Constitution once more from the beginning. It was from no love of free institutions that his predecessor established the representative system which is now denounced by the Court because it is not wholly inoperative; and the same causes which compelled almost every European Government to concede a Constitution would immediately recur, with the additional disadvantage of universal resentment and mistrust. It would be no great hardship to the Deputies to return for a time to private life, and the King would punish himself more certainly than his adversaries by putting the threats of his Ministers into practice.

The MINISTER OF WAR appears to be even more incapable than his colleagues of the discretion and reticence which are required from official personages in Parliamentary debate. In an argument for increasing the numbers of the army, he lately announced, with gratuitous impropriety, that the Emperor of the FRENCH, whom he described as a wise Sovereign, would certainly invade Prussia as soon as it suited his purpose. It is not unreasonable that a Prussian Government should watch France with jealous vigilance, nor is the implied proposition that wise rulers always plunder weak neighbours inconsistent with recent Prussian policy; but the avowal of distrust in the good faith of a professedly friendly Government was absurdly injudicious. The wanton reference to French ambition would have been more excusable if it had tended to conciliate support, or to convince the Opposition; but it was certain that the objection of the House to the increase of the army was not to be removed by threats of foreign invasion. In the early part of the controversy, the House resisted the proposal of the Crown rather for the purpose of asserting Parliamentary privilege than because a prolongation of the term of military service was intrinsically objectionable. As the discussion has proceeded, the opponents of the Government have entered more fully into the general question. It is urged, with much plausibility, that a community in which almost every man has served as a soldier requires, especially for defensive purposes, a smaller standing army than its neighbours; and economists have called the attention of the House to the effect of the military system on the growth of the population. The term of service is completed so early in life that there is probably no sufficient objection to a postponement of the ordinary time of marriage, but if conscripts were detained for another year in the ranks, it is possible that the increase of population might be perceptibly checked. As the continued emigration from some of the Prussian provinces proves that population is still in excess of material prosperity, there is perhaps no serious inconvenience in the partial prohibition of early marriages. The fact that the House of Deputies disputes the conclusions of the Government is more important than the arguments which are actually used. As long as the Deputies are deaf to Royal blandishments or threats, it is unnecessary to inquire whether they could hear if they chose. It is not easy to discern any satisfactory issue of the contest, unless the KING can be induced to withdraw his extreme pretensions, and to call new advisers to his councils. Some of his former Ministers, who still cherish undisputed loyalty to the Crown, have lately declared that their own approval of the King's military reforms was entirely contingent on the assent of Parliament.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE Report upon the riots at Belfast has come opportunely to complete the blank perplexity with which the problem of governing Ireland is regarded by English politicians. All the maxims of government which seem to succeed so well in other parts of the Empire fail utterly among this curious people. The principle that the concession of self-government will in course of time train any Western race of men to govern themselves has succeeded all over the world, but it has failed in Ireland. This town of Belfast may be taken as a specimen of Ireland at its best. The native Irish race, to whose peculiarities it is the fashion to attribute the difficulties of Ireland, forms a comparatively small portion of the population. There is no pretence of poverty as an excuse for crime. The town is in the enjoyment of an

unexampled tide of prosperity. It has no cause to complain of the jobbery of Dublin Castle or of the ignorance of British Government. Its local Government is in its own hands. It elects its own Council, and through that body appoints its own police. And its governing class, who fill the Council and the police, and from whom the magistrates are chosen, belong to the same enterprising race which, on the opposite coast of Scotland, has erected upon so ungenial a soil such a marvellous fabric of wealth. And yet this town—opulent, self-governed, enterprising—was, in spite of the exertions of magistrates and constables, for eleven days at the mercy of a mob. During that time, thanks to indifferent ammunition, the number of killed and wounded did not much exceed three hundred; and the violence, such as it was, fell mainly upon property. But the outrages that were perpetrated or attempted were of a kind very rarely to be witnessed among any community calling itself civilized. The wrecking of charitable institutions tenanted entirely by women, discharges of musketry into schools full of children, the shooting of men unarmed and helpless, are incidents of conflict which have hitherto been reserved for warriors like the worst of the United States generals, or heathen Maori chiefs. But now they must be numbered in the catalogue of the instruments by which the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland propose to convey the teachings of grace to each others' hearts.

The story of Belfast during the last autumn reads more like the history of one of the old republic-cities of Italy than that of a modern manufacturing town. The disease of faction had eaten into the very marrow of the community. It had utterly cankered those members of the body politic which, in the bitterest party animosities, are usually in some degree protected from its influence. The Municipal Council of the borough, which constituted the local magistracy, was Orange. The Police Committee, that guarded the lives and properties of the citizens, was Orange. The very police themselves were almost exclusively selected from the Orange section of the town. The organization thus carefully prepared produced the results which it was calculated to produce. Until the Central Government interfered, and even in spite of its interference, the grossest partiality was displayed by the local authorities. During the two first days of the riot, the disturbances were monopolized by the Orange party, the Roman Catholics not having been stirred up to resistance till after that time. On both days, a magistrate and some constables hastened to the scene of the riot, but they made no arrests, being of opinion that their force was not large enough for so hazardous an undertaking. But, on the third day, riots occurred in the Roman Catholic district between the two parties. Even then it does not appear that the police ventured to make any arrests. But after the disturbances of that day were over, and the mob were going home, some rioters broke the windows of a Methodist chapel. The Orange magistrate and the Orange police were at once filled with an ardour to vindicate the law, and, setting all danger at nought, they made a sally and arrested five Roman Catholics, who were thrown into prison. The closing days of the riot displayed the Orange colour of the magistracy in as brilliant a hue as those with which it commenced. After nine days of tumult and bloodshed, the Protestant mob desired to celebrate the ascendancy which, with the help of the authorities, they had achieved. Accordingly, they projected a grand funeral over the body of one M'CONNELL, a Protestant who had fallen; and an armed procession was arranged to march from Belfast to a burial-place about two miles off. It must be remembered that in Ireland demonstrations of this kind are illegal; and that in the district where this procession took place, being a proclaimed district, the possession of arms was also illegal. It might have been supposed that the magistrates would have stopped the procession, especially as by this time they had a military force to help them. Possibly if it had been a Roman Catholic procession, the illegality of it might have dawned upon their minds. As it was, they sent a magistrate and a detachment of Hussars to "accompany it"; and accordingly, the magistrate and his Hussars marched at the head of the illegal procession, amid volleys of illegal firearms, to the burying-place and back. To make the thing perfect, the illegal procession was full of Protestant special constables—persons, of course, of some respectability—bearing their batons of office; and when it was over, the local constabulary, who saw the crowd and went among them, had the coolness to inform the authorities that they were unable to discover the name of a single individual who had taken part in this illegal proceeding. The remark made by one witness, an old and respectable magistrate, is worth recording. Being asked whether the crowd

could have been stopped and their arms taken from them while they were passing through Donegal Place, the richest street in the town, he replied, "that the inhabitants would have afforded the means of exit for the crowd, and that 'very few arms would have been got.'" After this, the upshot of the trials to which a few of the rioters have been brought can have surprised nobody. Baron DEASY has shown himself very sensitive to comments upon their strange result which have appeared in the local papers. He is evidently determined that, if the administration of the law in Ireland is not quite immaculate, it shall at all events so far resemble CÆSAR's wife as to be beyond suspicion. We will only, therefore, say that in all cases the juries were mixed, that they always disagreed, and that in consequence no prisoner was convicted. How far the line of disagreement in each jury may have coincided with the line of religious difference, is a delicate question upon which it would be indecorous to hazard a conjecture.

If the report upon the disturbance at Belfast should chance to fall into the hands of any foreign Minister of Police, he will probably smile at the incompetence of the English people for the most rudimentary duties of government. No doubt, abroad such events could not have taken place, except in time of revolution. So long as the Government was safe, no Continental town of 150,000 souls would have been suffered to remain in a state of anarchy for eleven days. Recent events in Turin have taught us how even the most constitutional of Continental kingdoms would have dealt with such a case. Public opinion in this country has always been opposed to anything like a vigorous maintenance of order in our great towns. We rather contemplate with gratified pride the clumsiness and debility of our police; and with rigorous consistency are willing to apply our cherished doctrine of *laissez-faire* even to a mob employed in wrecking houses and assaulting passengers. With us, in quiet times, such a system answers fairly enough. Such riots as have occurred in Hyde Park, or at Stockport, disgrace us sufficiently in the eyes of foreign nations; but the actual injury they do is very small. In more excited times, our Epicurean system of government generally ends in the "wild justice" of the mob being met by the still wilder justice of the yeomanry. The plan is a rough one, but on the whole has not answered ill. Yet it may be a fair question whether we have a right to inflict our very peculiar arrangements for the maintenance of order upon a people like the Irish, divided into deadly factions by the tradition of six centuries of almost unbroken conflict. Requiring a community of Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics to combine to keep order among themselves, is like requiring the same achievement of a community of Poles and Russians, or Austrians and Italians. The only kind of tranquillity they are likely to maintain is that which was enjoyed by the surviving portion of the historical Kilkenny cat.

AMERICA.

THE accounts of the American campaign all point in one direction. SHERMAN has traversed South Carolina almost as easily as Georgia, and it is not known whether the Confederates intend to offer resistance before he reaches the frontier of Virginia. General SCHOFIELD, advancing from Wilmington, has probably by this time joined his chief, and their united forces must be considerably more numerous than JOHNSTON's army. In North-Western Virginia, the weakness of the Confederates has been still more conspicuously exhibited. General SHERIDAN, having obtained a partial success over General EARLY, has been allowed to traverse the Shenandoah Valley, and to cross the mountains, without any further opposition. It is said that he has found Lynchburg too strong for attack, and the report is confirmed by his appearance between the Rappahannock and the North Anna, in the direct line of General GRANT's original march. It is evident that LEE is forced to abandon much of the country which he has held throughout the war, and that he can no longer afford any considerable detachment from his main army. There appears to have been no foundation for a popular belief that he was about to attack GRANT's lines in force; but it is not improbable that he may try his fortune in one great battle before he resolves on evacuating Richmond. Although his former advantages have to a large extent been destroyed by the greater ability of his present antagonists, and by the improved quality of their troops, the Confederate Commander-in-chief is still in the middle of his enemies, and he can, at his pleasure, force one of the converging armies to fight the greater part of his own force. It may safely be assumed that a skilful general will be,

above all things, solicitous to secure a safe line of retreat in case of failure. By retiring through Lynchburg into Tennessee, General LEE might perhaps compel the Federal leaders to commence a new campaign. FORREST is collecting a large cavalry force in Mississippi, and the remnant of Hood's unfortunate army might be once more rendered useful if it were attached to the main Confederate body. The loss, however, of the Atlantic States would be a heavy blow to the South; and the Virginians, who have hitherto borne the main brunt of the war, might perhaps become comparatively backward if they found themselves fighting for the defence of distant States which have contributed far less to the common cause. It is a disputed question whether the heroic defence of Richmond has not from the first been a military mistake, but a defeat on the issue which has been deliberately selected by the Confederate Government would produce a damaging effect. It is not uninteresting to notice the triumph which LEE has, notwithstanding the accumulated misfortunes of the autumn and winter, obtained over his principal opponent. When GRANT crossed the Rapidan on his road southward, eleven months ago, he expected to compel the abandonment of Richmond in a comparatively short period. After his first losses, he fixed an extreme term for the anticipated campaign, by announcing that he would fight it out on the same line if it took him all summer. It is now obvious that all his combinations have been baffled, and that, if he had not been aided by unexpected good fortune, Richmond would now be as safe as London. A year ago, GRANT could never have supposed that the army which then lay at Chattanooga would have accomplished a passage through the heart of Georgia, have taken Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, and finally have reached the middle of North Carolina, within two or three hundred miles of the estuary of the James. The evacuation of Richmond, if it takes place at all, will be due to the energy of SHERMAN and to the unexpected weakness of his opponents. The army of the Potomac has utterly failed in the enterprise which has employed its energies since the first campaign of the war. Probably no other general could have accomplished more than has been done by the Federal Commander-in-Chief, but he formed an inadequate estimate of the difficulties of the enterprise.

The Federal Government still hesitates to enforce the draft, either from unwillingness to incur unpopularity, or in the belief that a large addition to the army is no longer urgently required. The system of excessive bounties has produced many of the mischievous results which might have been easily anticipated. Deserters, cripples, and even imaginary recruits provided a low class of contractors with opportunities of defrauding the Treasury. In some instances, their irregular proceedings have been detected and punished; but, as long as large sums are employed in stimulating enlistment, professional ingenuity will always intervene between the paymaster and the volunteer. As the Government prudently withholds the statistics of the army, it is impossible to ascertain the numbers who are now serving in the field. Except the expedition which now threatens Mobile, no considerable Northern force is known to exist in the South-Western States. 50,000 men may perhaps be scattered over the wide region which separates the Alleghanies from the borders of Texas. The army of SHERMAN, including the contingent of SCHOFIELD, may perhaps consist of 60,000 men; and GRANT, now reinforced by SHERIDAN, is supposed to command more than 100,000. It is obviously easier to supply the losses of 200,000 or 250,000 men than to maintain at their full strength the enormous establishments of two years ago. For the present, the North displays no sign of exhaustion, and if Mr. LINCOLN'S calculations may be trusted, the population has increased since the commencement of the war. Long and uninterrupted success has also diminished the financial embarrassments which had been both anticipated and felt. The discount on Government paper money has, since the most anxious period of last summer, been reduced by more than one-half, and the credit of the United States ensures the issue of the proposed loan of 120,000,000*l.* either in America or Europe. Good fortune has a tendency to reproduce itself, especially when borrowers find themselves possessed of improved security. The Government must already have begun to reduce its expenditure, and a large saving may easily be effected in the Navy department. As the Confederates had never any fleet, and as they have no longer any ports, the fighting vessels are becoming partially superfluous, and the blockading squadrons are almost entirely relieved of their troublesome duty.

The threats which were so profusely directed against England two or three months ago have lately been discon-

tinued. The Americans are so well satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, that they have forgotten for the moment the favourite objects of their animosity. General DIX has not for some weeks proposed to invade Canada, nor Admiral PORTER to levy contributions on the coasts of the English Channel. It is difficult to understand why Mr. LINCOLN should disturb the prevailing good humour by enacting unnecessary punishments against natives and foreigners who may, during the course of the war, have traded with the South in defiance of the blockade. As the Confederate coasts are now inaccessible, no preventive object can be attained by the proceeding, and it is scarcely worth while to inquire too curiously into past irregularities. A statement that the French Mission had been offered to Mr. J. G. BENNETT of the *New York Herald* would almost appear to have been concocted by the enemies of the Government. It seems incredible that Mr. LINCOLN should have consented to so gross an outrage, and Mr. SEWARD himself must understand the impossibility of giving high diplomatic employment to the notorious editor of the most infamous newspaper in the world. American Governments have often provided for disreputable partisans, by appointing them as Ministers to Courts of secondary importance; but they have always hitherto shown their prudence by selecting tolerably fit representatives in London and Paris. Perhaps the supposed nominee may have himself circulated a rumour which might seem to imply official condonation of his numerous offences. Even the most hardened criminals feel the inconvenience of a damaged reputation.

Although the prospects of the North appear almost unclouded, it is worth while to remember that a reverse is yet possible, and that the Confederate leaders still exhibit the heroic pertinacity which has hitherto defied superior forces. If General LEE were to succeed in crushing SHERMAN, without sacrificing his position at Richmond and Petersburg, the Federal operations would be paralysed during the present campaign. In this, or in some other way, the Southern Commander-in-Chief still thinks it not impossible to redeem the fortunes of the Confederacy. It is presumptuous in distant critics to condemn too positively the conclusions of a great and prudent soldier. All the conditions of the remaining struggle are better understood by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, by his colleagues, and by his generals, than by foreign observers; and it may be inferred from Mr. LINCOLN'S inaugural speech that the Northern President himself still foresees the possibility of a long and uncertain war. If wishes had any value, it would be difficult to choose between a hope that bloodshed and waste might cease at the earliest period, and a natural desire that unequalled gallantry might not have been wholly unrewarded. The more prosaic estimate of probabilities would seem to indicate that the termination of the conflict may perhaps not be remote. The task of organizing the South, and of restoring the Union, would, in any case, still remain to tax the energies of the wisest statesmen.

THE DECAY OF HATRED.

ONE of our contemporaries not long ago published a specimen of that kind of combination of rhymes which is known as an epigram, and the point was this:—Garibaldi had had one of his grandsons christened by the name of the President of the United States, and the epigrammatist jocosely observed that the child had been called by the (scarcely) Christian name of Abraham Lincoln. This is a very small matter, and an epigrammatist must have his joke, or how can he get on? But we may please ourselves by reflecting how little such epigrams flourish now-a-days, how conventional and flat they seem, and how indifferent the world is to their force and point; whereas, not so many years since, this sort of utterly unmeaning and absurd attack on a man, merely to gratify an unreflecting spite and give a little fun to a rhyme or two, was in the height of fashion. What can be more remote from anything like wit, except it is the wit of infantine hatred, than to say that the name of Abraham Lincoln is scarcely a Christian one? If there is anything of which we can be tolerably sure about this miserable American war, it is that President Lincoln, whatever may be his other faults or virtues, feels very strongly the awfulness of the position in which he is placed, and that his situation presents itself to him in a strongly religious light. It was natural that the New York correspondents of party papers should stigmatize his last Message as a piece of pure cant, but if ever document bore the stamp of being a genuine utterance of feeling, this Message did. No educated man certainly would have written it. In the first place, it was full of faults of style and grammar; and, in the next place, educated men scarcely ever utter any religious sentiments at all. They never get further, at most, than to the level of those decorous inanities which are occasionally worked out of archbishops when some minor national calamity has occurred. This reserve may be justifiable, and is, no doubt, to be commended in its way. But to create sufficient variety in the world there must be some people to

speaking out. Presidents who have been rail-splitters, and Mahomedans, and persons of that sort may publicly recognise the existence of God with great advantage, because they do so in a simple and easy way, and do not outrage, because they do not feel, that reserve on the subject which has become a second nature with highly-trained Christians. Admitting this, it is hard to say how any man could have expressed Christian sentiments in a more sensible and praiseworthy way than President Lincoln did. It showed a very remarkable insight into the real relations of theology and human life when he entreated his countrymen to observe that the Southerners had the same religion as the North, and were as sure of being countenanced by this common religion in the war they were waging; while, if this war was to be looked on as a judgment on sin, both sides had sins enough to be judged. If a religious view is to be expressed at all, what religious view could be better than this? Not only is there no more joke in saying that the President's name is not a Christian name than there would be in saying that Lord Palmerston's name, or the Emperor Napoleon's name, is not a Christian name, but there is ostensibly less of a joke. President Lincoln has almost fallen below the decorum of his office by the plainness with which he has spoken what doubtless so good a Christian as we hope the epigrammatist is secretly thinks.

The sort of hatred which prompts epigrams like this is, as we have said, decaying visibly and rapidly. To apply terms to opponents which are utterly and manifestly irrelevant simply because they sound abusive, just as O'Connell tried to silence a fishwoman by calling her an isosceles triangle, is no longer thought generally to be humorous. And not only in this, but in many ways, hatred is fading away or getting milder. Dr. Johnson used to say that he loved a good hater, and the saying has very often been quoted and applauded. But Dr. Johnson liked a good hater because he himself was a fierce dogmatist. He loved to growl out a paradox as if it was the utterance of ineffable wisdom; and although it is quite obvious that very often it was a matter of the merest chance which side he took, and that he was often simply guided by an unphilosophical wish to snub Boswell, yet he had that respect for his own opinions, when they were once uttered, that he was ready to swear by them as eternal truths. To such a man nothing is more disagreeable than a person who, instead of giving him back a flat denial, as a good hater would, has no opinion at all about the paradox until he has thought over it, and then sees something wrong and something right in it. In our days, bitterness on matters of controversy has faded in a great degree away, because dogmatism has become so much less confident. More especially this is obvious in theological matters. The *odium theologium* is not so strong as it was, because theologians are not so sure as they were that they are perfectly right and their opponents perfectly wrong. The hold of dogmatic theology on society grows less every year, and every year the tone of lay society imposes itself more and more on the clergy. We do not offer any opinion as to whether this is an advantage to the world or not. To examine this would lead us into theological questions quite out of our province. We are merely recording the obvious facts of society; and no fact can be more obvious than that the prevailing tone of lay writing and thinking is very slightly affected by dogmatic theology, and that the clergy do not lead, but are led by, the laity. Of course, professed theologians have a horror of erroneous opinions, which every one must own is, from their point of view, very justifiable. If they are quite sure that they are right, and that it is really important to be right and not wrong, why should they not be angry at people who say they are wrong, or that their correctness is quite immaterial? But, then, dogmatic theologians do not lead society. They write, and most of their readers perhaps, in a vague theoretical way, agree with them; but the reader and the writer do not really think the same thoughts. The writer is in earnest, but the reader is not. The reader is affected, not by the dogmatic writing he is reading, but by the society in which he lives; and if any one doubts that the direction of lay society in England at present lies away from dogmatism and dogmatic hatreds, he has only to look at the advertisements of new periodicals. Almost every week a new periodical is started, and each announces in its programme that, although periodicals are already very numerous, there is room for it, because it is going to be so uncommonly free from party spirit. That it is to be one more infinitesimal shade removed from anything like a settled creed is thought to be a sufficient reason why a wholly new periodical should successfully rival all existing ones. It is true that occasionally what are called bulwarks are started. There is a new magazine or paper which is to be a bulwark of some article of faith, or of the altar, or of a particular limit of the franchise; but bulwarks seldom look to, or attain, any commercial success; while as to periodicals intended to pay, and to fall in with the popular humour, it is always asserted of each in turn that it is far more free from specific opinions than anything yet known in our contemporary literature.

Party hatred, too, is very much on the decline, and for the same reason—namely, that, to hate, it is necessary to feel strongly. But men think so much alike on political matters in these days, are so willing to be guided, to compromise, to shelve dangerous questions, and generally to make everything pleasant, that they have no strong political feelings against each other. How can members of Parliament possibly hate each other now as they used to do? A man comes home with a fortune, we will say, from Australia. He buys a big house and

heaps of splendid furniture and pictures, and then, from sheer weariness of life, and also from a kind of feeling that if he does not get a seat in Parliament he has not quite done justice to his money and to himself who made it, he lets it be known that he has ten thousand pounds to spare. His friends look out, and at last an eligible vacancy occurs, and, when he is told of the vacancy, he is also told which side of politics he belongs to. How can such a man hate other members of Parliament? He has no more motive to hate them than a railway traveller has to hate his fellow-passengers. The only kind of political hatred left is debating hatred. There is still a great deal of bitterness between some disputants in the House; there are some leading debaters whose strength consists solely in being as disagreeable as possible, and who go down to a good speaking-night as a gladiator used to go into the arena. But the majority of members do not seem to like their friends either much better or much worse than their enemies. It is easy to see that there may be harm in such a state of things. The Government, to govern, must command a disciplined and reliable majority; and it has often been plausibly argued that the existence of such a majority depends on the maintenance of parties, while the maintenance of parties must depend on the maintenance of a strong party feeling. The reasoning does not appear conclusive, for men may learn to act in large bodies for many other reasons than because they are strongly attached to a party. Members of Parliament may see, for example, that such combinations give them importance and a hope of office, save them trouble, and avert the dreadful catastrophe of a dissolution. But, allowing that party spirit is a good, or that the sternness towards adversaries which rests on strong dogmatic convictions is a good, there appears no chance of our getting this good soon. We are getting into habits of thought utterly alien to it. We are learning to make allowances, to notice the force of circumstances on character and conduct, to see how much good there is in everything bad and how much bad in everything good, to see how often moral worth has gone with intellectual error, to pity wrongdoers, and to judge men from their point of view, not from ours. There may be much that is weak and much that is exaggerated in all this, but such is the prevailing temper of the modern mind, and, as long as it lasts, that keenness of hatred which was so fierce and bright in the past must be comparatively faint and dull.

M. DUPONT-WHITE ON A FUTURE STATE.

THE February numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contain an article by M. Dupont-White, entitled "Positivism," which is a very good specimen of the sort of speculation which those who prefer the French to the English intellect hold up to our admiration. In style, manner, and intention it is certainly an excellent composition, but it appears to us to afford an almost perfect illustration of the fundamental distinction between the French and the English modes of thought, and a remarkable confirmation of the opinion which we have frequently expressed as to the superiority of the latter.

M. Dupont-White begins his essay by saying—"You can define positivism in two words. It is the science which affirms that, in professing to know nothing but matter, the properties of matter, the laws of matter, it is sufficient for man." He proceeds to give an interesting sketch of the special opinions of Comte, and of the description given of them by his chief disciple, M. Littré. He goes on to say—"Positivism then is, above all, an excommunication of religion and philosophy." It rejects them because they are conjectures not justified by facts. This conclusion naturally revolts M. Dupont-White, and his article is an attempt to show that it is not a legitimate consequence of accepting in good faith the results of modern science. That the progress of science does throw great light on theology he fully admits. He spends several excellent pages in showing how vast has been the change produced by it in modern feeling and opinion. He observes with great force and truth on the impossibility under which the Roman Catholic Church is laid of reconciling itself with the progress of reason. Its whole theory of human life, as he most truly says, is altogether opposed to all that we include under the name of progress:—

There are in modern society two things with which the Church cannot put up—Right and Life, nothing less. How can it admit human rights when, in their name, people immediately demand liberty of worship? The Church cannot even permit liberty of conscience. Those who profess to be themselves the very truth cannot suffer error by their side; they lie under a formal obligation to intolerance and proselytism; they cannot support what the Protestant communions support, at least in England, where Catholicism, instead of being persecuted as it formerly was, is taught in schools supported by the State.

He next examines the current philosophy of the day, and, after an interesting and sympathetic account of the brilliant writers and remarkable theories which found so much favour in France when the generation to which M. Dupont-White himself belongs was young, he arrives at the conclusion that

Metaphysics have not understood the modern world, and cannot answer the modern perplexities, any more than religion. It is by this void, this silence, that religion and metaphysics have raised up positivism. Has this doctrine filled the void and supplied the place of the silent oracles?

This is the substance of the first of M. Dupont-White's articles. The second article aims at answering the question in the negative, and in showing how the void which positivism has failed

to fill ought to be filled. In the first part of this attempt M. Dupont-White has no doubt an easy task. There is no difficulty at all in showing that a way of thinking which stops short at death, and which presents to our affections and thoughts no object more impressive or attractive than an abstraction called Humanity, leaves unanswered the most interesting of the questions which men have been in the habit of asking themselves ever since the human race first began to think and to record its thoughts. After discharging this part of his task, he comes to put forward his own principles, and though we agree to a considerable extent in his results, we feel not only that the arguments by which he supports them are weak, but that the fact that they so frequently are supported by weak arguments is one principal reason why men doubt and rebel against them. His doctrine is summed up in the following words:—"We carry in ourselves the authentic notion of another life; we know that in the same way as we know everything of importance to our present life, whether physical or moral."

M. Dupont-White next proceeds to prove this. Man, he says, is made for that truth which is relative to his being. Truth is that which is. "*La vérité est ce qui est*," says Bossuet. "As for S. Thomas Aquinas, who defines truth as an equation between an affirmation and its object, it is easy to see that this relates only to truth in language, and I admit that human language is not always on the level of its subject. It puts itself much at its ease both with things and persons." We have, however, guides to truth. We may always attain to it if we only follow our senses and our instincts. On the contrary, if we refuse to follow them, we shall soon cease to exist, both individually and socially. We have an instinct which affirms the existence of a future life; and this, like our other instincts, must be trusted, unless we fall into absolute scepticism, or unless we can show that it is led into error by one of the three roads to which all error is traceable. The three sources of error are—first, "drawing a particular proposition from a general proposition which does not contain it"; secondly, "drawing a general proposition from particular propositions which do not contain it"; and, lastly, "errors which may be found in the imagination and its works." Now, to neither of these three sources of error can the idea of a future life be ascribed. It is not the conclusion of a syllogism; nor does it rest upon an inductive basis which might be too narrow for it; nor is it derived from the imagination, for, though true it is that many delusive notions on the subject may be ascribed to this source, yet they may be eliminated by subtracting from the idea itself all the accessories with which it has been overlaid. This being effected, "*que reste-t-il en matière religieuse? L'idée d'une autre vie.*" Here, then, according to M. Dupont-White, we have a clear case of an instinctive belief; and this leads him to inquire more fully into the theory of instincts and the instruction which is to be derived from them. In all our actions we are guided by instincts. "*L'individu, l'espèce, la société . . . tout cela subsiste par la grâce des instincts.*" Why, then, should we not have instincts to reveal to us truths necessary for our spiritual life? "This is the service rendered us by the moral and by the religious instinct, where you will not find the least trace of induction or syllogism." Induction and deduction are, no doubt, means by which we may arrive at truth; but physical and moral instincts are equally valuable for that purpose, and accordingly we have faculties "which carry us straight to the truth without which we cannot live." Ideas instinctively apprehended are more worthy of credit than those which we reach by a train of argument. To doubt this would be to put more confidence in the superstructure than in the foundation. If observation and induction are our only means of knowledge, still the religious and moral instincts supply us with materials for these processes. Induction and observation prove the veracity of our instincts:—

Therefore the idea of a future life, which has all the characteristics of an instinct, is a true idea. Otherwise we must admit that instincts veracious in all cases are, in this particular case, deceptive, and that this law of our nature wants the stability which is inherent in every natural law.

Such is the foundation of M. Dupont-White's argument. After stating it, he deals with the objections to it. It may be said that it is not verified by experience, as other instincts are. To this he answers, that no instinct is excited by experience or obeyed in virtue of experience. "*Dites-moi donc un peu en vertu de quelle expérience l'enfant qui vient de naître prend le sein de sa mère?*" It may be said that the idea of another life prevails simply because it is pleasant. "Pleasure," he replies, "is the salient feature which verifies instincts—the sign of the relative truth which they possess—the guardian and executive force, so to speak, of the objects which they are to satisfy." Besides this, reality alone can really please. "The pleasure inherent in the notion of another life proves to us both the instinctive character of this notion and the reality of that which it points out—its destination and appropriateness to our nature." The rest of M. Dupont-White's article is employed in arguing that the Deism of Voltaire and his school, and what has been called the moral argument for a future state—the argument, namely, that there must be another life to set right the iniquities of the present—are open to difficulties from which his own view is free. On this part of his argument we need make no observations.

As to the arguments of which we have already given the substance, it may be observed of them in general, that they belong to a class of speculations of which it would seem impossible to exhaust either the vitality or the interest. Human nature must be radically changed, or altogether altered in its circumstances,

before the inquiries in which Socrates passed his last hours lose their interest; nor is it destroyed by the undoubted fact that the same arguments make their appearance in different shapes from age to age. The overwhelming natural attractions of the question make it a matter of absolute necessity for every successive generation to translate it into their own peculiar dialect, and to re-state the arguments to which their predecessors listened in forms appropriate to their altered circumstances and increased knowledge. We may, therefore, offer some remarks on M. Dupont-White's speculations, though neither his arguments nor our criticism can in any way claim the merit of novelty.

Two errors, each of them very common in French speculation, appear to us to pervade and to vitiate the whole of his theory. The first relates to the nature of truth, and the second to the nature of instincts. Truth M. Dupont-White defines, with Bossuet, as "that which is," and he rejects the definition of Thomas Aquinas, which is that truth is an agreement between words and things. To set out with this notion of truth is to walk straight into error. In almost any phrase in which the word "truth" occurs, the substitution for it of Bossuet's definition would make nonsense. Surely, if the words "true" and "truth" are ever used correctly at all, they are so used in such phrases as "Speak the truth," "What you say is not true," "It is true that I was there," "It is true that the earth moves round the sun." Do these sentences mean "Speak the thing that is," "What you say is not what is," "It is not that I was there," "That the earth moves round the sun is non-existent"? These are mere collections of words without a meaning. How can a man speak a table? All that he can do is to speak the word which suggests the image of the thing. On the other hand, such phrases as these—"Let your words correspond with facts," "The words which you use do not describe facts," "The proposition that I was there does correspond with the fact," "The proposition that the earth moves round the sun corresponds with the fact"—are obviously the correct equivalents of the examples given. The more the matter is considered, the more clearly will it appear that truth and falsehood are properties of words, and of nothing else; and that to try to make them properties of things is to introduce confusion into all our thoughts and all our language. The slightest reflection will prove this to demonstration; for if it be true that truth is that which is, there can be no such thing as falsehood. This is mere nonsense, though so celebrated a writer as Bossuet was in the habit of making the assertion, and of drawing from it an infinite number of important conclusions.

Obvious as this remark may appear, it is of the highest importance; for it supplies at once a conclusive answer to many pretentious theories. It is wonderful to see what a number of inferences a rhetorician can get out of the doctrine that man is made for truth, and that truth is that which is. We have shown how M. Dupont-White handles it, and he is a favourable specimen of the class to which he belongs. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say that, with these two small concessions, a man must indeed be clumsy if he cannot convert his wishes and prejudices into doctrines which he can assert it to be at once impossible, and almost, if not quite, impious, to deny. Grasp, on the other hand, the doctrine that truth is a property of words, and that it consists in their correspondence with the things to which the words refer, and transcendentalism in all its forms becomes impossible. Whatever else men have thought, it may safely be affirmed that, of late years at least, no one has maintained either that words are innate or that language is perfect.

The doctrine that truth is a property, not of things, but of words, is essential to a proper comprehension of the nature and use of instincts. An instinct means a blind natural desire to act in a certain way, such as we attribute to bees in making their combs, or to birds in building their nests. These instincts, M. Dupont-White tells us, are guides to truth, and ought to be trusted. That our desires are antecedent to our reason, that such desires are highly useful, and absolutely necessary to all the business of life, is undoubtedly true; that our desires are in any case whatever independent of reason, or that instincts (if you choose to call them so) ever give the mind direct immediate information of the truth of any proposition, is altogether false. Our instincts lead us to truth, not in any special or mysterious manner, but only as all our other experience leads to it. They supply us with motives to act; action gives experience, and experience is the material from which the reason deduces consequences; and these collectively form our knowledge. It is only by considering truth as something different from a collection of true propositions that instincts can be asserted to be guides to it. Like everything else, they produce some effects. They cause some kind of action and thought, but they have no special tendency to cause true thought. People may and often do base absurd conclusions upon their instincts. Are the conclusions suggested by the parental or conjugal instincts invariably true? On the other hand, do bees know the differential calculus, or ants the theory of government? It would seem from this that our instincts can tell us nothing explicitly and immediately about a future life, and that the utmost that can be said upon the subject is that there are, or may be, instincts in human nature which point to the inference that there is a future life. Even this, however, unless the love of life be called an instinct (which is a cumbrous name for it), is very doubtful. It may, indeed, be doubted whether human nature presents a single case of an instinct in the proper sense of the word—an impulse to go through some process which we cannot

explain or justify on other grounds. Instinct, indeed, is a word which merely covers our ignorance of the nature of animals. If we could attribute reason to bees in making their combs, we should not speak of what they do as the result of instinct. It is because they appear to show upon that one subject a little bit of reason altogether out of proportion to that which they show on other occasions, that we use the word. If they talked and wrote books we should ascribe the shape of their combs to reason. M. Dupont-White gives the sucking of a child as a case of instinct. If he were a monthly nurse he would probably see cause to reconsider this. Many a child has lost its life because it could not be prevailed upon to suck, and every child has to be more or less taught. One of Mr. Bain's works contains an elaborate account of the physical causes which induce a child to suck the nipple when it is put between its lips, and experience is of course established almost instantaneously.

Granting, however, that there is in human nature an instinct pointing towards a future life, M. Dupont-White's arguments that it must necessarily tell the truth are very unsatisfactory. It is, he tells us, a simple belief, and cannot be accounted for by any of the means which account for the growth of errors. Each of these assertions appears to us to be mistaken. The belief in question is not simple. It is, in almost every case, highly complicated and more or less specific. The Mahometan believes in a definite paradise and hell minutely described for him in the Koran. Christians believe in forms of future existence which, if less definite than those which belong to the Mahometan creed, have still a good deal of outline. What M. Dupont-White views as a simple idea is only a colourless abstraction which he and a few other persons have extracted from the common opinions upon the subject, by depriving them of all individuality. Now the truth of the ordinary conceptions of a future life is on all hands admitted to be a question of fact. They will all be found ultimately to depend upon revelations the authority of which must of course depend upon the evidence by which they are supported. Thus M. Dupont-White's simple idea depends upon a number of questions of fact. Sweep away all existing positive religions, and see how long the simple idea will stand by itself. Mr. Merivale's sermons on the Conversion of the Roman Empire give us some information upon the subject which is well worth the consideration of those who use M. Dupont-White's language. Even, however, if it were true that the idea in question is a simple one, nothing is easier than to explain its origin. It is, indeed, so simple that the difficulty is to keep it out of the imagination. Every one in all his thoughts assumes his own existence. He could not, indeed, think of any object whatever without thinking of himself as perceiving it. At the same time, he sees countless illustrations of the fact that substantial identity may outlast the most extensive apparent changes; and it is, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that, whether there really is a future life or not, people should suppose that there is. Many specific theories about a future life have undoubtedly been invented—the Buddhist hell, for instance. Why, then, should not the view of M. Dupont-White and his friends be the result of the workings of their own minds?

What, then, is the result at which we arrive? Is positivism to deprive us altogether of our faith in any world beyond this, or is it to compel us to stand or fall by *Paley's Evidences*, or some other book of the same kind? We cannot think so. There is a view of the matter which M. Dupont-White passes over with that indifference to practical results which almost always marks transcendentalists, and which positivists in general neglect with the arrogant self-confidence which is one of the chief characteristics of the school; but which nevertheless is, in point of fact, adopted, though often unconsciously, by the great majority of educated men who turn their thoughts to the subject. It is that a future life is so probable, and that its existence is suggested by so many indisputable facts, that it is the part of a wise man to act upon the supposition that it is true. This proposition is, for all practical purposes, as useful as that of M. Dupont-White himself, and it is one which the most positive of positivists cannot consistently affirm to be unreasonable.

Of course the great argument of all is that which is derived from the Christian Revelation. Of this, for obvious reasons, we say nothing more than that, from the nature of the case, the conclusions founded upon it are probable, and no more. On questions of fact, probable evidence is all that can be had. Yet this probable evidence has done infinitely more to spread abroad in the world a belief in a future state than all the demonstrations on the subject which have been devised since Socrates passed his last moments in putting leading questions to Cebes and Simmias. Passing from this topic to other considerations, it is surely difficult to deny that, though there is no impossibility in the suggestion that death may be the end of all things, there are numerous and important facts which look in the opposite direction. In the first place, the general reception and wide diffusion of the belief in question, though no doubt consistent with its untruth, is hardly consistent with its improbability. If the objections to believing in a future state ought in reason to prevail, why have they not in fact prevailed? Truth has a vast advantage over falsehood in every argument; and, if it is once conceded that the question is one of probabilities, it will follow from the very definition of probability that that which commends itself to a vast number of minds is probable. It may, of course, be said that men naturally cling to life, and are therefore biased in their judgments; nor does M. Dupont-White's optimistic argument, that truth alone pleases, altogether answer this. The argument does no doubt

weigh in the negative scale, but its weight is somewhat diminished by the fact that the belief in a future life has generally been rather terrible than joyous. Annihilation is surely a far less painful prospect than hell, yet in almost every creed the next world has been regarded rather as a place of punishment than as a place of reward. The operations of hope and fear are, however, so irregular, and so difficult to measure, that it must be owned that it is difficult to say precisely how the argument is affected by their operation.

Apart from this general consideration, there can be little doubt that the nature of the mind itself, and the character of its operations, suggest in the strongest way its independence of the body. That, as a fact, they always have done so, is undisputed. That they ought to continue to do so is denied by a certain number of physical inquirers, who argue that, inasmuch as every mental operation whatever, even the most transient thought, involves a corresponding degree of material action, of motion amongst the particles of the brain or the nerves, it is idle to look further. The mind, they say, is nothing else than the sum total of the motions of the brain, just as a tune is only the sum total of the undulations of the air produced by the vibrations of a string or a piece of metal. It must be conceded that facts are consistent with some such view as this. Discoveries may be imagined which might prove its truth. Suppose, for instance, people could obtain a control over life, and by scientific means restore, in whole or in part, the life of a dead man, or impart life and individuality to a machine—a possibility, by the way, which at present seems somewhat remote. Surely, however, this is not the view to which the facts actually known to us point. In every department of thought, we arrive before long at considerations which exercise a vast practical influence over our conduct, though our views of them are obscure and imperfect to the last degree. The fundamental propositions of morals, of theology, and of physical science supply endless illustrations of this. If the mind were merely a set of motions produced by the action of external objects on the brain, one would expect to see in it the system, the completeness, and, so to speak, the balance which appears in all other collections of motions. Its habit of stretching out after things beyond its reach, its obscure consciousness of being the subject of influences for which it has no name, the very disproportion between its premises and its conclusions, all suggest—though, of course, they do not prove—the conclusion that, though the body is in all its acts its necessary organ and instrument, the soul itself is something more, and may exist independently. These considerations have, as a fact, led men of all ages and nations to believe in a future life, and that in proportion, generally speaking, to the degree in which they were wise and good. Surely this is not only a solid reason why a common person should hold that belief, but it is the same sort of reason as is usually accepted in all other cases.

When these arguments, and many others of which these are only a specimen, are available to prove the probability of a future life, it is difficult to understand the zeal with which writers like M. Dupont-White search for something more than probability. They can never get it; for when, by elaborate arguments, they have established that a particular proposition is a necessary first truth, they must admit that their elaborate argument may be wrong. M. Dupont-White, for instance, must be much more dogmatic than we believe him to be if he would not admit the possibility that his arguments may be fallacious; and, if this is so, all that he can profess to have established is a conclusion which is probably certain, and that is as like a probability as half-a-dozen is to six. No man can really hold the doctrine which M. Dupont-White puts forward unless he goes so far as to say (as Theodore Parker actually did) that he is so sure of a future state that no conceivable evidence could ever make him surer. M. Dupont-White would probably be more modest, and would be ready to admit that, if after death he found himself actually in another world in the company of his deceased friends and relations, he would feel a certainty upon the subject of a future life altogether different from that which he feels at present. This is natural and proper if his present belief is only a probability suggested by facts, but it is altogether inconsistent with the theory that he is absolutely certain at present. If an angel from heaven were to tell us that twice two made four, our state of feeling on the subject would remain unaltered. If he were to tell us that men lived after death, we should all be glad to hear it. It is strange that amongst Christians there should be so great a disinclination as is often found to treat questions of this sort as matters of probability. A probability in speculation exactly answers to a mystery in religion, and it would be hard to describe faith more accurately than by saying that it is that disposition of mind which leads a man to take his chance upon a probability. We do not speak of faith in the multiplication table, or of faith in a mere guess, but we do speak of faith in a guide who may possibly be wrong, but whom we, for practical purposes, assume to be right. In the same way, the proper notion of a mystery is not nonsense, but a fact wrapped up and concealed; and belief in a mystery means belief in a state of facts the existence of which we cannot verify by experience.

AMATEUR PREACHERS.

BISHOPS, and popular lecturers, and correspondents of the daily papers have assured us that sermons are apt to be dull. We, therefore, do not risk much in saying that we are inclined to think so too. Our only doubt is whether dullness is not an inevitable and, on the whole, a desirable characteristic of that par-

ticular form of addressing the public. A spasmodic attempt to avoid dullness has certainly been productive of much injury to other classes of literature. People can't read novels or listen to plays unless they are spiced with the usual sensation seasoning. Something of the same kind is therefore demanded in sermons. It is perhaps creditable to the preachers that the demand is so seldom gratified. The recipes which the orthodox authorities often prescribe for dullness would only make it tenfold worse. It is frequently proposed to teach "elocution," or to set the theological student to attend lectures on rhetoric. Now, if a man is going to bore us by a flood of commonplace, we would much rather have it *au naturel*. If he stammers and stutters, loses his breath, and puts his emphasis in the wrong place, we resign ourselves to quiet contemplation, and admire the harmony between his matter and his form. If, on the other hand, he adorns his language with scraps of second-hand rhetoric, he only adds disappointment to weariness. His barrel-organ is playing a more ambitious tune, but it is a barrel-organ still. We would rather be treated to the old sleep-compelling notes than to a forced caricature of good music. The most dismal of all inflictions is the infliction of twaddle upon stilts. When a preacher has really something to say, we can listen to him though he says it awkwardly; if he has not, he cannot make his nonsense really interesting by rhetorical contortions, any more than the German baron learnt to be "vif" by jumping over tables. He may attract greater numbers of the ill or well-dressed mob, but he will injure their taste and not improve their morals. The young preacher should resign himself to the probability that, in saying over again what able men have said so often before, he will frequently be humdrum and sometimes insufferably dull. If he is short and if he is sincere, his audience will find out his merits by degrees. There are many people, especially people outside the professional clerical world, who consider this opinion wicked. They hold that the merit of a preacher is measured by the excitement that he causes. They cannot reconcile themselves to the many undeniable merits of honest dullness. They cannot be content to let the machinery work quietly, without giving it a series of jerks. Mr. Spurgeon, for example, administers a course of spiritual drams. Sometimes his points are due to a fair exertion of humour, and sometimes he descends to very poor devices. But, at all hazards, he prevents his congregation from going to sleep; they are constantly excited, and it is to be hoped that they are constantly improved. Persons who have not his natural resources emulate his success by less legitimate means. A man-monkey burns his monkey's dress stuffed with straw, and brings down the cheers of the house. A pious prizefighter displays the power of his lungs, and gesticulates with the energy of his old profession. A converted Christy's minstrel exhibits the talents formerly confined to accompanying a banjo. The chief attractions of these and similar shows are doubtless of much the same nature as those of the performers in their original character. They are very likely quite sincere, and may not be impossible to do some good. There may be drunkards who can appreciate the antics of a converted clown, when the orthodox type of sermon would fly over their heads. If they give up drinking, even for a time, that is doubtless a gain of so many gallons in the consumption of gin. It must be set against the evil produced by making religion ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar, and against the collapse which follows artificial excitement. Though we cannot help laughing at the grotesque contortions of these very uncouth zealots, we need not deny that their zeal is sometimes genuine. Methodism produced some good effects, which could not well have been arrived at otherwise, although it gave fair ground for ridicule. The echo amongst the lowest classes of the eccentricities of their superiors will produce some queer results, but is perhaps intrinsically less ludicrous, because less affected, than its original.

The latest device for making a sermon as good as a play refers, however, to a different rank of society. A body of Congregationalists have engaged a Literary Institute near Portman Square. They have secured the services of performers whose mere appearance is calculated to excite interest. Banjo-players and man-monkeys are suitable only to the lowest stratum of society. A "highly respectable congregation" in the neighbourhood of Portman Square demands a more refined religious stimulant. They have with good judgment secured a series of addresses from Mrs. Thistlethwaite, whilst a Scotch nobleman looms darkly in the background. There is of course something exciting in hearing a lady preach for the first time. Even if she says, precisely in the same words, the very same things that we have heard a hundred times before, it is still something new to hear them said by a lady. And this, so far as appears from the report, must have been the only satisfaction to the highly respectable congregation. The sermon, to all appearance, was exactly like many thousand sermons which are listened to with the due amount of attention every Sunday morning. They resemble each other as much as if they were all ground out of the same mill and cut up into such lengths as happen to be convenient. They are secreted by evangelical preachers after a little practice with as much certainty as petroleum flows out of a Pennsylvania oil-well. It is quite impossible, and fortunately quite unnecessary, to give any quotations. The whole art consists in thickening the consistency of the conventional stream of commonplace with a due amount of Scripture phraseology and of solid lumps of text. The sentiments are, of course, perfectly irreproachable, except perhaps that they are apt to be a little too damnable for most tastes, and at any rate they are guarded by the sacred associations of

the language from appearance in profane columns. Mrs. Thistlethwaite, we are told, was "often eloquent and sometimes poetical." If so, it seems that the poetry has rather evaporated from the report; and we should be inclined to fancy that it depended upon the "deep rich contralto voice," and the graces of appearance and manner. Anything more perfectly unobjectionable and more thoroughly uninteresting than the sermon as reported it would be difficult to conceive. The one thing of which we should have been disposed to complain was that it lasted for an hour, and that Mrs. Thistlethwaite declared her capacity "to go on until to-morrow morning, in her anxiety to save souls." It is not an uncommon mistake of beginners to forget that the last half-hour of a sermon only tends to efface the impression made in the first. But, after a little practice, there is no reason why Mrs. Thistlethwaite should not confine her discourse within the orthodox twenty or thirty minutes. There will be then nothing except the personality of the orator to discriminate her sermons from those of the mob of gentlemen who preach with ease. The one delivered on Sunday last may be easily constructed out of the internal consciousness of the practised church-goer. Take the text from Isaiah, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" and make a rapid transition from Adam and Eve to St. Mary Magdalene; show that she did not deserve the aspersions cast upon her character by divines; draw a practical application from the various recorded events of her life; insert a harmless fling or two at the Roman Catholics; and wind up with the usual burst of perorating eloquence. You will have followed pretty closely in Mrs. Thistlethwaite's footsteps, and will tolerably understand the real cause of the attraction. We are told, however, that the audience were much impressed, and that the casual remark of the cabman waiting outside, "this 'ere's a pretty sort of game," grated harshly upon their excited feelings. The cabman, however, summed up in coarse vernacular the general opinion of the public.

The audience upon whom this novel experiment was tried seem scarcely to have been a favourable subject for its success. They are described as being drawn from the same class as Mr. Spurgeon's followers—respectable tradesmen and upper servants. And it is remarked that it is very difficult to tell whether a man of this class has been converted or not. He does not, that is, give any of the outward signs of hysterical violence which characterize revival meetings. He does not take the pledge like a converted drunkard, nor enter a reformatory like a reclaimed thief. We will hope that he gives up sipping the sugar or accepting bribes from his master's tradesmen. But his visible relations to the outside world are very much the same before and after his conversion. His most obvious characteristic in both cases is respectability of the deepest dye. The internal change may, of course, be as great as in other classes of society. But he is too much bound by the chains of propriety to indulge in the grotesque demonstrations of converted banjo-players, and has too little imagination to find the chains at all irksome. We are, therefore, forced to take his own word for it, and to assume that the rather greasy and limp Mr. Stiggins whom we see converted is radically different from the Stiggins in whom Sam Weller detected a proclivity towards pine-apple rum. We should have, of ourselves, no desire to investigate into the number of conversions made by Mrs. Thistlethwaite. We presume that her sermons produce an effect proportioned to their intrinsic power; they attract people from obvious motives of curiosity; but, when the novelty has begun to wear off, we should expect the congregation to be affected much as they would be by other sermons—that is, very little. But there is something very characteristic in this peculiar apology for not converting more people. It is well-known that people of Mrs. Thistlethwaite's persuasion expect a preacher's merit to be tested by the number of conversions, much as a general's is tested by the number of guns he has taken. There would, of course, be some plausibility in this view when the object was to reclaim thieves or convert niggers to Christianity. The missionary fairly reckons up the number of his communicants, or the number of thieves in the reformatory, as some test of his activity. But we have had abundant experience of the results of applying the fanatical theory of conversion to ordinary modern society. The method is generally supposed to generate more hypocrites than Christians. It seems, however, that it is now becoming inapplicable to the British greenrocker. He used to be capable at one time of giving abundant proofs of his conversion. He had no objection to preaching or to fighting in the good cause. In other words, he could become a very ridiculous or a very terrible fanatic. But it seems that we have changed all that. The leaden mantle of respectability has weighed down the greenrocker. He has to keep his light under a bushel for fear of injuring his business. He has become hopelessly dull and unimpressionable by these spasmodic impulses. He does not, indeed, mind going to hear a lady preach; it is something novel in its way, like Blondin's performance, or the exhibition of Tom Thumb; but he is quite determined not to lose his head over it, and he leaves Mrs. Thistlethwaite to infer that she has done a great work, though she cannot point to any palpable symptoms. Great is the *vis inertiae* of the stolid British public, and it will take more than Mrs. Thistlethwaite's eloquence to stir them into much excitement.

On the whole, we cannot object to Mrs. Thistlethwaite's preaching, so long as it retains its strictly commonplace character. When people have ceased to feel its novelty, the circumstance that she preaches for an hour will be prejudicial to any large attendance, and the fact that there is in

London one commonplace preacher more is not of much importance, even though that preacher is a lady. As a precedent, this class of amateur performance seems to be extremely objectionable. Preaching is apt to be monotonous, but it is possible to pay too much for a relief to its monotony. The introduction of the sensation element is pretty certain to do more harm than good. It is bad for congregations to be attracted by questionable motives. Those who came to sneer may at times remain to pray; but they are very apt to go away sneering all the more, and sometimes even to infect the devout. It is even worse for the preachers themselves. We do not exactly wish to see preaching become fashionable amongst ladies; the strongest-minded women must pardon us for believing that in the present state of feeling it is not a suitable, though it may be a tempting, kind of display. Ladies who wish "to do good" have abundant opportunity for doing it without overstepping the usual bounds of feminine propriety. But the desire to do good is the cause of much of the folly and not a little of the mischief that is done in the world.

LITERARY CANDIDATES.

THE amount of good advice which the more prominent constituencies are receiving on all hands would be very alarming but for the thought of the desperate impotence of that cheap weapon of moral influence. The leading idea of the journalists and others who are showering these exhortations on the electors seems to be that the House of Commons is a great Pantheon for all living literary gods and demi-gods. Every ten-pounder with a love for his country must eagerly assist in the apotheosis of his favourite author. In France, eminent writers are rewarded by a place among the forty immortals of the Academy. But, in this country, we are so unfortunate, according to Mr. Arnold, as not to possess a glorious receptacle of this kind for genius, and the only thing left, therefore, is to make all distinguished authors members of Parliament. Whether, on the whole, a House of Commons elected on this principle would not be less like a Pantheon than a museum of curiosities or a happy family, may very reasonably be doubted. Perhaps, too, the material interests of the nation might suffer from the excessively spiritual characteristics of its rulers, because hitherto a certain amount of business has been transacted in the Lower House, and it would be too much to expect poets and novelists to trouble themselves about taxes, or estimates, or private bills, or the squabbles of railway companies. Still, if there is no other means of doing honour to authors, those little matters must yield. Inextricable confusion in the national finances, a dead-lock in all private legislation, an entire cessation of all legal reforms, would be far more than compensated by the noble sentiments, the expansive enthusiasm, the airy transcendentalisms, the graphic pictures, and the delightful wit which the Parliamentary reports would then every morning present to us. Reading the debates would no longer be a dismal duty, but one of the most charming, and at the same time improving, parts of our daily business.

A contemporary to whom we are indebted for many a happy hour, who has been long renowned for the nicety of his scholarship, his breadth of thought, and his love of polite letters, has been more careful than his fellows in advocating these claims of literature and pure intellect. It is to the *Morning Advertiser* that the patriotic elector will turn for counsel and admonition. Hitherto, and in more sportive moments, that excellent journal has combined intellect with beer and religion. But at the solemn crisis of a general election, it disdains both brewers and Protestants, and stands forth as the advocate of the poet, the historian, and the novelist. Formerly beer occupied the first place, the Protestant faith the second, and intellect the third. They have changed all that, and the electioneering cry of the awakened licensed victualler is to be Poetry and Art. As all the world knows, there is some talk of Mr. Mill being asked to stand for Westminster. But the faithful journal is on the alert. No mere philosopher shall be permitted to palm himself off as something grander than those other writers whose sympathies are exclusively with the people. His credentials must be examined by some thoroughly competent authority. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* and who shall test the wisdom of the wisest? Evidently none but a philosopher may sit in judgment on philosophers, and nobody but the *Morning Advertiser* could criticize Mr. Mill. Not without sorrow can the sentence be recorded that Mr. Mill is not up to the mark. He has been weighed in the judicial balance and found wanting. The fact of having written "a treatise on logic" is no warrant for aspiring to the blue ribbon of representation. The works on Political Economy, Representative Government, and Liberty, and the numerous political essays attributed to Mr. Mill, are to be treated, we presume, as spurious. Our sagacious monitor could not possibly have overlooked them in weighing Mr. Mill's claims to be considered a politician, and it has been no doubt decided that these remarkable works—and they happen to be about the most remarkable political works of the day—belong to some unknown author who has benevolently allowed Mr. Mill to take the credit of them. But, if Mr. Mill is dismissed to his logic, the electors shall not be sent away without comfort. The counsellor is no mere negative critic, not one of those carping journalists who leave their flocks to stray helplessly into the wilderness with nothing but doubts and objections. Mr. Mill will not do for Westminster, but why should not the electors turn to Mr. Dickens or Mr. Tennyson? Where the *Treatise on Logic* has one reader,

Mr. Dickens has ten thousand and Mr. Tennyson four thousand. The elector who voted for the author of *Pickwick* or *In Memoriam* would know his representative, would sympathize with him, would be full of admiration or even reverence for him.

Mr. Tennyson has suffered many things of many flatterers, but no adulator before ever hinted that his genius lay in the way of legislation. It has been said that he ought to be made a knight; then that he ought to be raised to the peerage; and, finally, that he actually had been made a baronet. But the notion that his merit can only be fairly rewarded by electing him to represent a turbulent metropolitan constituency is quite original. His fame will have received its worthiest crown when he gains the privilege of sitting on the same benches with Mr. Cox and Mr. Scully, or of contesting a borough with Mr. Harper Twelvetees. Indeed, if it should happen that Mr. Harper Twelvetees ever comes into collision with Mr. Tennyson, we are by no means clear how things would go. Mr. Tennyson is a poet; but then Mr. Twelvetees, if not a poet himself, keeps one, which comes to the same thing. The author of *Maud* might fare ill in battling with that versatile and enthusiastic bard whose services the ruthless foe of beetles and fleas has secured. Even a Laureate might be driven from the field by a professional rival who could write such lines as these:—

The Indigo Blue, Blacking, writing Inks, and
Soap Powder Works, the first in all the land,
Shall claim from me the longest, latest strain,
Through the famous Harper Twelvetees, Three Mills Lane.
Mine is a Nymphlike Muse, and the Sciences thrill her.
Hail Beetle Poison, Poisoned Wheat, and Mice and Rat killer!

Perhaps, however, a more fatal objection to the feasibility of the scheme for getting Mr. Tennyson into Parliament is the fact that the great majority of his admirers belong to that sex which an ungallant Legislature carefully excludes from the direct exercise of the franchise. When young ladies get votes, he will no doubt carry away all their suffrages, unless, indeed, by that time the author of the *Princess* should have lost some of his popularity in the drawing-room. Meanwhile, the indirect influence of his fair admirers will scarcely be of much service. The British elector does not usually allow the poetical leanings of sentimental daughters to weigh very powerfully with him in giving his vote. And as for the ordinary elector knowing, revering, sympathizing with Mr. Tennyson, it is about as likely a result as that Mr. Tennyson would revere and sympathize with the ordinary elector. A vigorous canvass in a constituency where, as in those of Westminster, Marylebone, or Finsbury, nearly every householder is a voter, might remind the superb author of one of his own verses:—

I, to herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Even if he got a seat, the same thought might occasionally recur to his mind, and he would remember the picture in the *Republic* of Plato, of the man who "has watched the madness of the many with the full assurance that there is scarcely a person who takes a single judicious step in his public life, and that there is no ally with whom he may safely march to the succour of the just; and that, if he attempts it, he will be like one that has fallen among wild beasts." We should say, for the benefit of Mr. Mill's critic in the *Advertiser*, that Plato was a Greek philosopher of some repute, who wrote "treatises on logic," and other subjects. A perfectly adequate account of him will no doubt be found in the office copy of *Lemprière*.

But the admirable principle which our adviser has hit upon ought not to be abandoned until the fullest fruits of it have been reaped. Mr. Mill is not to be supported because Mr. Tennyson has four thousand readers for his one. But Mr. Tupper has far more admirers even than Mr. Tennyson, and why elect the latter when there are so many more persons who revere and sympathize with the former? We do not know whether the illustrious author still labours under the complaint which he has himself so movingly described:—

From the vast bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Thro' my crater's rugged side.

We presume that an unfortunate disorder of this kind would somewhat interfere with the active discharge of Parliamentary duties. Lava currents roaring and rolling from vast bowels of the soul would be almost a nuisance in a committee-room. But if the unhappy gentleman has recovered, it can only have been in a moment of thoughtlessness that the *Advertiser* mentioned Mr. Tennyson in preference. The fervent declamation of a few pages of *Proverbial Philosophy* would have a most soothing and solemnising effect in an angry debate. When Mr. Gladstone loses his temper, or Mr. Roebuck is more than usually acrid, the occasion might be instantly improved by such a verse as:

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may happen.

It would calm the excited passions like the knell of doom. A member like Mr. Tupper would be a perfectly invaluable kind of *memento mori* to an assemblage of thoughtless and worldly legislators. A sanctity of tone, a breadth of wisdom, would be imparted into the debates, which at present they sadly lack. Then, again, if the number of his readers is to be the criterion of a man's fitness, it will be very hard if Mr. Ruskin does not find a place. At all events, he will have a distinct priority over

the philosopher whom the *Morning Advertiser* has so relentlessly condemned. And Mr. Ruskin is just the sort of person the House would become very partial to. It is in urgent need of some one who has thoroughly mastered the principles of political economy, for instance, without trammelling himself with petty details such as the possibility of applying his principles to the actual state of facts. He would be so much more useful than a mere dry logician! That elaborate eloquence, too, with which he excites his readers to an enthusiasm, rather windy, it is true, but wonderfully satisfactory to those who are inspired by it, would be an amazing help in the transaction of public business. But it would be in the debates on foreign policy that the advantage of having men with the influence and the peculiar views of Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Tennyson would be most sensibly perceived. If either of them were Foreign Minister we should be involved in one ceaseless and bloody embroilment with the Powers of the Continent. Mr. Tennyson thinks war would shake the nation out of its mercenary lethargy. Mr. Ruskin thinks we are bound to interfere by arms whenever we see what appears to us a wrong being perpetrated, just as an individual would interfere if he saw a highway robbery being committed in front of his house. These sentiments are so noble that even the most benighted of the Manchester school would be rapidly converted to more generous and very much more costly opinions. Whether, after all, a reaction might not take place and leave us all more disposed to peace at any price than we are even now, whether our intervention in the affairs of political highwaymen might not cause the last state of their victims to be worse than their first, is, we need not say, an unimportant part of the question.

It would be foolish to say that because a man writes poetry which gives a great deal of pleasure to a great many young ladies, or because he composes magnificent descriptions of fine scenery and fine moral motives, or because he writes novels abounding with inexhaustible fancy and observation, and a second-rate kind of humour, therefore he cannot take an interest in political affairs. But it is even more foolish to say that literary skill in any department is the slightest guarantee that the person who is so fortunate as to possess it is fit to help in guiding the public policy or transacting the national business. Mr. Disraeli and Sir Bulwer Lytton happen to be extraordinarily prominent politicians as well as very popular novelists, and this shows that it would be very absurd to make the fact that he has written funny stories an objection to Mr. Dickens as a candidate. But neither is it any argument in his favour. There was a great deal of nonsense talked, when Lord Macaulay was raised to the peerage, as to the propriety of raising one or two equally popular writers to the same height. What necessary connexion is there between literary success and political capacity? People argue as if the House of Commons were the most convenient place for painting ludicrous pictures, or declaiming poetry or rhapsodical prose. There is only one theory less true—that it is the place for too ambitious lads of incomplete education and aristocratic belongings.

WIVES AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

THERE are various theories of marriage. There is the Protestant theory, with its corollary, the Divorce Court; and there is the Catholic theory, to which Mr. Matthew Arnold turns in these days with such infinite relief. But the theory which seems to obtain most favour just now in the fashionable world may be defined as the elastic theory. It is that which allows a young wife, in addition to her husband, a select train of male adorers. There was an old-fashioned notion that husband and wife were all in all to each other. The conjugal relation was viewed as a snug little vehicle, expressly constructed to carry two. In it Darby and Joan jogged pleasantly along, too much engrossed in each other's society to find the journey dull. Marriage *à la mode* in 1865 suggests a different comparison. Instead of the modest conveyance to which, twenty years ago, it might have been likened, it resembles now-a-days a great gaudy Parisian omnibus, capable of accommodating plenty of outsiders. In other words, it has become the fashion for the young matron of the modern school to supplement the prosaic attachment of her husband by the attentions of any handsome young man or men whom she may be able to attract to her side, and hold there in silken fetters. So systematic has the practice grown, that it is said that, in the newest form of marriage settlement drawn by fashionable solicitors, the contingency of "followers" is expressly provided for. After the stipulations for pin-money and jointure comes a special clause limiting them to any number not exceeding twenty. If this should be true, we cannot say that it causes us much surprise. Nothing that fashionable wives can say or do will henceforth cause surprise. *Ces mères de famille sont capables de tout.* The high jinks they have lately been up to are evidently the prelude to higher. When the mother of promising lads at Eton may be seen prancing about London ballrooms as if recently bitten by the tarantula, when elderly peeresses, who should be at home dandling their grandchildren, foot it nightly upon *parquet* floors, we feel instinctively that a crisis must be approaching. The old decencies are crumbling away, and society is about to enter on a new phase. In what shape the fashionable world will emerge from the disintegration which seems imminent, how regulated and reconstituted, it is impossible to foretell. Whether young-ladydom will succeed in regaining the rights and privileges of which it has been ousted, or whether an iron despotism of married Amazons will

crush out all opposition, we do not venture to predict. We only note the signs of the times, which seem to portend an impending storm. The rancorous hatred which exists between the dowagers and the young married women cannot long smoulder on. There will soon be an outbreak of hostilities. In the first instance, perhaps, the attack will be carried on by constitutional means. Already it is whispered that, led by a mother who has suffered many things of frisky matrons, the Young Lady's Defence Association intends to apply to Parliament for an Act declaring it penal for a married woman to take part in any but square dances. On the other hand, it is said that a Minister who enjoys the full confidence of the confederate sirens has promised to retaliate by a Bill for the suppression of dowagers, as included in the category of common nuisances. The conflict may end in secession. Female London may be split into two camps. Tyburnia may be allotted to the dowagers and their daughters; Belgravia, to the young married women. In this eventuality, much will depend on the attitude of the male sex. Should they adopt a policy of non-intervention and strict neutrality, the rivalry will soon come to an end. Even now, if young husbands could be induced to assert the authority which is dropping from their hands, they might easily reclaim their skittish partners to a sense of duty and propriety. As it is, they remain cynically indifferent to their vagaries, flattered to find their wives admired, and thankful to be relieved from the trouble of admiring them themselves. Possibly they think that in a multitude of adorers there is safety.

An adorer is usually a young man with a great deal of time on his hands, and no particular inclination to marry. His training is generally on this wise. He has had, or fancies he has had, a disappointment in love. For this heart-ache a certain amount of relief has been obtained by shooting expeditions to Albania, and fishing excursions to Norway. Such consolation as a French cook can afford has not been wanting. A stud of hunters at Melton or Market Harborough may be regarded as a strictly medical prescription for a poor young fellow suffering from chronic depression. To a being thus cruelly blighted the balm of female sympathy is unspeakably delicious. And it is an article to be had now-a-days in any quantity, upon very easy terms. It is this particular combination of melancholy and money upon which the sharp young matron of the modern school pounces. It offers a remunerative investment for any superfluous sympathy which she may have at her disposal. With clever management, she may count on having a yacht and a mail phaeton for years at her command. Sighs and sentiment are well bestowed when they yield a profitable return in kid gloves, opera boxes, whitebait dinners, and Derby-day luncheons. This is the black-mail which Beauty, in this material age, exacts. One approaches it no longer with a sonnet addressed to the eyebrow, or the chivalrous devotion of an Edmond to his "dear mistress," but with tribute of a more solid and substantial kind. When the adorer is sufficiently broken to harness, he is exhibited in public, dancing attendance at ball and opera upon his liege lady. As a precaution, she drops a few hints that his story is a sad one, and that she is giving him "good advice." If this flow of good advice were suspended, she darkly intimates that he might turn desperate and throw himself into the Serpentine. The thought that she alone stands between an impetuous young man and a muddy grave ought to silence the malicious comments of Lady A. and the prudish remarks of Mrs. B. This process of advice-giving is evidently no sincere. It begins about luncheon-time, continues at intervals during the afternoon, is resumed in the Park, is suspended during the dinner-hour, when both mistress and pupil feel pressing need of restoratives, recommences at the Opera to the accompaniment of Titiens' or Patti's warblings, and is finally adjourned to the ball-room or supper-table, where champagne and lobster-salad impart irresistible cogency to the lady's arguments, and render her listener particularly amenable to reason. One can only guess at the gist of all this advice. Judging by the result, it must consist of an earnest exhortation to the duty of extravagance, with practical suggestions how a gay young bachelor can best fulfil that duty. It bears fruit, too, in silly little resolves *pour les beaux yeux de Madame*—such as the sentimental vow to dance with her alone, to stand in a tableau as Romeo to her Juliet, and to fill a photograph book with her likeness in every attitude known to the fashionable artist. Ill-natured people persist in thinking that advice which has this tendency is the advice of Circe rather than of Mentor; but who expects words of wisdom from a lovely idiot, intoxicated with vanity, who can dispense with only one thing less than flattery—pearl-powder? They would be as much foreign to her nature as disinterested counsels would be to that of the pretty rake who hides a mercenary soul beneath a fascinating manner, and who, having married for money, flirts for valuable consideration only.

Adoration, as we have interpreted the term, has its ludicrous side. Moving, as it were, on parallel lines with marriage, it exhibits corresponding oddities and incongruities. In matrimony we sometimes find inequality of rank, disparity of years, incompatibility of tastes; and the same features often mark the relation between adorer and adored. When, for instance, an elderly dowager, who counts her admirers by generations, tries to revive the fires of her youth by fastening on a green guardsman, we are treated to a caricature of that particular kind of union in which the bride is called an old fool and the bridegroom is covered with deserved ridicule. Old Mrs. Piozzi's weakness for the

handsome young actor Conway was not more absurd. One is reminded of an ill-assorted marriage by the spectacle of plump inanity listening with a face of foolish wonder to the blunter of a literary dangler. Yet it is spirited of a matron who has reached that epoch when life passes into vegetation, and which is popularly described by "the three f's," to try to improve her style by cultivating the society of a sporting novelist. But the funniest combination in this adoration system which a shake of the social kaleidoscope reveals, is one which as yet, in England, has no counterpart in any aspect of married life. Our ideas about the matrimonial tie have received, of late years, an enormous development. There is no knowing whither the progress of civilization, under the direction of the present leaders of fashion, may, upon this question, carry us. But as yet polygamy is not an institution of the country, and the least likely form of polygamy to take root in England is that which allots to wives a plurality of husbands. In any unsophisticated island of the Pacific, where this state of things exists, it must be difficult, one would think, for the lady to keep her various lords and masters in good humour and prevent ugly collisions. If so, there is a lesson which the experienced woman of the world would do well to learn from her savage sister. A single-handed flirtation is a simple matter, but it is not so easy to drive a harmonious team of adorers. Worshippers at the same shrine in the temple of fashion are apt to hate each other cordially. Each is disgusted to find the ground continually pre-occupied by the other. When you come in prepared to talk soft nonsense and look unutterable things, it is provoking to find that you have been forestalled in the philandering business. You either stay to glare defiance at the enemy, or you march off in dudgeon. A plurality of adorers must cause the fair object of their common regards to pass many anxious moments. Suppose her to have caught in her meshes an eldest son, a blustering officer, and a fashionable clerk. It must require exquisite *finesse* to maintain them in a semi-domestic state, and prevent them from engaging in a triangular duel. It is very much like giving three irritable and unfriendly tom-cats the run of your house. At every corner they put up their backs and spit at each other. If the three adorers could divest themselves of sentiment, and realize the fact that they are brought together to swell the triumph of a frivolous woman, things would go on much more smoothly and pleasantly. They would perceive that, in ministering to her vanity or love of pleasure, each has a separate function, and that, as long as each keeps within its limits, there need be no collision. The eldest son would understand that he was retained for ornament, and for the amiable purpose of inflaming the dowager's envy. The gallant captain, who has partially succeeded in toning down his military swagger to the level of drawing-room manners, would see that he was retained for purposes of general utility, to go errands, and see lawyers, and manage jobs in the City. And the spoilt child of the Circumlocution Office, as he trips, in the last new thing in coats, to his daily task of précis-writing and luncheon-eating, would reflect with conscious pride that, after all, he has the best of the co-partnership, since upon him are thrown all those tender little offices of the ball-room, such as leading cotillions, retailing tittle-tattle, and calling carriages, which have a special tendency to endear a man to the fair sex.

Those who view women as a delicate index of the surrounding moral atmosphere will be disposed to draw, from the increased giddiness of young married women, unfavourable conclusions as to the present state of society. Yet one or two considerations may be suggested as tending to allay alarm. And, first, it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to what is, after all, a prevalent fashion of the day, like crinoline, or table-turning, or amateur theatricals. Woman is eminently gregarious. For one who flirts deliberately and dangerously, there are ten who flirt because they see or hear that it is the fashion to flirt. Even wives who have graduated in a very different school, sprung of houses that have long been reputed models of decorum, and endowed with every charm of person and manner, are not ashamed to stoop to the folly of the hour. "Lud, Sir Peter, would you have me be out of the fashion?" is still the remonstrance of our modern Lady Teazles. When the present fashion of frivolity has passed away, there will be a reaction, and perhaps a cold fit of piety may succeed, which will send them once more to dress churches or disseminate tracts. Secondly, it is matter for congratulation that, as more indiscretions are due to impulse than to calculation, sentiment should have so completely fled the female bosom. Transcendentalism is dead; passion is extinct; the study of Rousseau has given way to the study of the share-list. A cold clear eye to self-interest may be painful evidence of the extent to which woman is infected by the materialism of the times, but it is a wonderful safeguard against mistakes. Far the most objectionable feature connected with the fashionable theory of marriage appears to us to be the open recognition which society accords to it. If a young wife likes to have two or three handsome young men constantly dangling after her, and her husband is a consenting party to the arrangement, no one cares to spoil her little game. But it should meet with frowns, instead of a general smile of encouragement. As matters stand, all her acquaintance are in a conspiracy to aid and abet it. She would feel aggrieved if, when she dines out or goes to the Opera, a place at her side were not reserved for the adorer; or if, through want of tact on the part of her hostess, he were not included among the company at any country-house to which she pays a visit. Of all the social phenomena of the day, the indulgence shown to the flirtations of

married women is calculated to inspire most alarm. A semi-detached husband may or may not be an evil, but at least society should have the good taste to consider it one.

MEXICO.

II.

ALTHOUGH Mexico is a dreary city now, there are signs that it was once, if not lively, still with much more life in it than at present. In the old days of Spanish domination there was a government which, although conducted on a very bad system, although very unjust and very bigoted, was still a strong government, and enabled its subjects to buy and to build, to plant and to reap, in safety. It planned and carried out considerable public works; it made aqueducts and fountains; it constructed roads and bridges. It fostered a society that was not very liberal or wise, but was gay, wealthy, easy, and well-mannered. Even twenty years ago, when Madame Calderon de la Barca wrote her book, she painted life in Mexico as happy, cheerful, and full of amusement; and although she is obviously putting on her rose-colour thick in all she says, yet the bare facts she mentions show that in Mexico, as she knew it, there was a lightheartedness and a social ease which are now lost. Every year since its unhappy revolution began, Mexico has been going backwards. At the same time, all that has been said of its natural wealth, of its boundless resources, of the facility with which they might be developed, is true, and there is still a vast amount of wealth in the country, and treasure is hoarded because its owners fear to be thought rich. It is, indeed, very difficult to convey the exact impression that the Mexico of the present day makes on the traveller. If he is struck with its decay and its poverty, he is equally astonished at the traces of wealth which he sees on all sides. The country was rich during two hundred years of prosperity, and the city was the centre of its wealth. It still remains rich. There are many families in it enjoying yearly incomes which even in London would be thought splendid. There are pictures, furniture, wines, carriages, horses, and equipments of all kinds, in the establishments of these families, which are in the first style of European luxury. Along the wretched road that leads from the coast to the capital there is, in the months favourable for travelling, an unending string of mules and carts bringing European goods to Mexico, and these goods are almost entirely of a kind that only people in comfortable circumstances think of buying. Those who are not exactly rich are often much better off than could be expected, and the incomes of the leading professional men reach a very encouraging figure. The value of house-property, too, in the city is very high, and this shows that there must be people there who can afford to pay a good rent. It must be remembered that the city of Mexico is, as it were, the gate by which all the luxuries of life and all the inventions of mechanical ingenuity reach a vast district of five or six hundred miles of table-land, which has been cultivated, more or less, for three centuries, and which is studded with large towns inhabited by sixty, seventy, or a hundred thousand souls. The bulk of the silver, too, which is passed into the world has always come from Mexico, and has always streamed on even in the worst days of revolution. Therefore, greatly as the city of Mexico, like the rest of the country, has suffered from the civil wars, it is not substantially ruined, and no one can say into what a blaze of prosperity it may not shoot up if it is blessed with a few years of strong government, and when a railway from the coast carries to it not only all that it demands for itself, but all that will pass through it for the consumption of the interior.

There can be no doubt that a strong feeling of sadness and regret, produced by the thought that such a country should be so wasted by the folly of its inhabitants, was among the chief causes which induced the Emperor of the French to intervene in the affairs of Mexico. No one can regard the character of the Emperor with impartiality who does not see in him a vague and wavering, but sincere, desire to make occasionally great and striking efforts for the improvement of mankind. Accident has guided him, as it guides most men, in the direction in which his efforts at doing good are practically made; but it indicates the tenacity with which he clings to all his youthful impressions, that he should have turned with eagerness in his later life to two parts of the world which exercised so powerful an influence over his early thoughts as Italy and Central America. He has wished to live in the pages of history as the benefactor of the Italians and the Mexicans; and this higher and more generous feeling may, in both instances, have easily coexisted with projects and schemes of a less romantic kind. As in Italy, so in Mexico, he has undoubtedly wished to extend the influence or domination of France. It is not enough for him that France should be the equal of England in Europe, while England and nations of English descent are so incontestably superior in the other quarters of the globe. But France has not the gift of colonization. Her people do not love to go out into the wilds in order to found families where there are no gendarmes and préfets and cafés and reviews. On the other hand, France has a great gift of governing, in the sense of introducing order and the mechanism of administration. It seemed possible so to govern and direct Mexico as to make it virtually French; and a French Mexico, strong, rich, and flourishing, might be a dependency worth possessing, and might also serve as a head, a support, and a model to the neighbouring Spanish colonies in that transformation which they must undergo if they are not to perish

altogether in the abyss of their helplessness and corruption. Add to this, that Sonora is pronounced, by the general consent of miners, to have mineral wealth waiting the first comers as boundless and as accessible as that of California. France might easily lay hold on this prize, and thus repay herself all the expense she could possibly incur. But undoubtedly all these dreams and calculations would have been left in the region of mere vague possibilities had not events occurred which tempted the Emperor to take the risk of definite action. The civil war in America made it possible to interfere in Mexico without fearing the anger of the Government of Washington; and the representations of the exiled members of the Mexican clerical party inspired the Empress with a belief that it was a holy and a sacred duty to induce her husband to devote the blood and treasures of France to this remote and uncertain enterprise.

Unquestionably the Emperor has been bitterly disappointed. It may be probable that he will ultimately succeed. The Empire he has founded in Mexico may soon become strong and prosperous. French influence and French organization may hold the Americans of the North in check; Sonora may soon pass virtually, if not nominally, under French control. But, for the moment, that which the Emperor hoped for has not come to pass. He has not found Mexico an easy conquest, or the Mexicans willing to accept the French as their leaders and patrons. After receiving a check at Puebla, the memory of which encourages the Mexicans far more than the memory of all their defeats discourages them, the French made their way to the capital, and thence to the great cities of the interior; but they by no means hold the whole country, and in remoter districts it is with some difficulty that they can keep what they have got. Nor is it only that their conquest has been partial. They are conquerors whose conquest is bitterly resented, and whose rule is bitterly hated. Nothing can exceed the fury of hatred with which the French are regarded in many parts of the country of Mexico. Nor is this merely because they are conquerors. The Americans also marched up from the coast some years ago, and took the city of Mexico, and exacted the cession of some of the richest provinces of the Republic, and yet there is little ill-feeling against the Americans. The difference is one for which the French have themselves to blame. They have conducted their conquest with very little regard to the feelings of the population. The higher officers of the army, of course, behave in most instances as becomes their position; but the lower officers are too often brutal, coarse, ignorant men, who abuse the power they possess of committing acts of petty tyranny, and who have little respect for property or for families. Many of the troops sent to Mexico also belonged to those irregular regiments which are formed from the refuse of France and Europe, and some of the worst acts of robbery which have occurred lately in the district between Vera Cruz and Mexico are ascribed to deserters from the French army. With such officers and such men, there have been many deeds done over which a veil of shame has to be drawn; and Mexico is a country where national wrongs and national humiliations are felt very lightly, but where private wrongs are resented and avenged with a Corsican ardour. The consequence is that at present, to take Vera Cruz as an example—Vera Cruz, the port by which all the French have entered the country, and which has been for three years under French control—no Frenchman can walk unattended a couple of miles outside the walls without a certainty of having his life attempted. This is rather a different state of things from that pictured by the clerical friends of the Empress, who pledged themselves that Mexicans of all parties were longing for repose under foreign protection, and that they would especially welcome those who should come, like the French, as the friends and supporters of their beloved priests.

But if those who planned the French intervention have been disappointed, it is not they who have had to bear the greatest disappointment. The Emperor Maximilian could have had but a very faint conception of the Empire which he undertook to govern. He knows by this time what it is to be called to a throne by the universal wish of a people, as interpreted by French authorities. On every side difficulties have pressed on him, and still press. The French have tried to dictate to him, as was but natural, for his Empire is their creation; and he in turn has as naturally resisted this dictation; and hitherto he has resisted it with some success by the simple expedient of threatening to go away altogether, if they were too hard on him. The clerical party, who originally set the French in motion, have not anything like sufficient strength in the country to guarantee the Emperor's tenure of power, even if his liberal feelings and good sense did not make him revolt against being in any case the tool of a clerical party. The respectable excellent Conservatives of moderate views, who rallied round the Emperor when he came, are faithful to him still in a vague way; but they cannot give him much effective assistance in the administration of affairs, and they are deeply mortified at the mode in which they have been treated, not so much by the Emperor himself as by the Europeans to whom the Emperor gives his confidence and support. Thus the Emperor stands very much alone in his Empire, and a more painful position for a man of intense good nature, high principles, and inexhaustible benevolence it would be difficult to conceive. And yet he never allows himself to falter. With all his soul, and with all his might, he sets himself to do his best. Of charming manners, thoroughly frank, cordial, and gentlemanly, highly educated, widely travelled, so industrious that he begins his work every morning at four, and scarcely allows himself a moment's leisure and never a moment's recreation, he presents the ideal of an Emperor trying to do his

duty, and fitted no less by nature than by birth for Imperial station. He is a thoroughly good man, and his goodness tells. The Mexicans cannot help liking and admiring him, and even those who detest the Empire have a kindly feeling for the Emperor. But it would be idle flattery not to add that he has his faults. He is too impetuous, and too much under the influence of those of his advisers who substitute an intense attention to details, and an adhesion to the bureaucratic traditions of Continental Europe, for wide views of policy and an accommodation of the system of government to the real circumstances under which the Empire is placed. He is also, in one sense, too good for Mexico. He does not make allowance enough for people of a different stamp and grade of civilization, and is too keenly alive to the failings of Indianized Spaniards. Unfortunately both for him and for themselves, those of his subjects whom he offends bear his displeasure far too passively. They are mortified, but they do not venture to show their mortification. If, when a Minister found his opinions rejected, his work thrown aside, and his official capacity treated as something too babyish to deserve even the semblance of consideration, he were to insist on resigning, he would do something to raise himself and his nation in the eyes of the Emperor. When he first went over, the Emperor was honestly prepared to be altogether a Mexican, and to govern through his subjects, and almost every measure which has been taken to conciliate the Mexicans, and to soothe their pride, has been due to the personal inspiration of the Emperor himself. But he has not been able to stand the trial of finding that Mexicans are Mexicans, and the disappointment caused by discovering how deficient they are in the qualities which mark a good governing and dominant race has made him perhaps a little unjust to the many amiable and praiseworthy traits of their character. The Empress, too, has evidently had her share in the disappointment which her husband has felt. No one can help admiring her. In any country, even if she were not an Empress, she would scarcely find a rival for grace, dignity, refinement, and nobleness of look and bearing. She has conferred on Mexican society an inestimable advantage, for it has now at its head a lady whom all ladies can, without jealousy or misgiving, acknowledge to be indisputably and absolutely their superior. But she has had, it is said, or fancies she has had, great cause of complaint against some of those whom she has admitted to her society, and she has not hesitated to show her displeasure. Too high-minded to stoop to local favourites, and too honourable to set foreign friends over the Mexican ladies of her Court, she has retired into an isolation that is almost complete; and, as she is far too able a woman not to possess and exercise a great political influence, it is possible that some of the steps by which, in spite of his ardent desire for their welfare, the Emperor has in some measure separated himself from his subjects, might be traced to the counsels or suggestions of the Empress.

The quarrel between the Emperor and the clerical party was, indeed, inevitable, but the rupture need scarcely have been so sudden or so bitter. The leaders of the party were not capable of governing the country, and with them the Emperor took perhaps the best course he could have taken. He gave them positions that conferred honour, but not power. He has made Almonte the chief functionary of his Court; he has sent Miramon on a special mission to Europe to purchase arms; and Marquez—the great Marquez, whose deeds of blood and violence appalled even Mexicans accustomed to Mexican civil war—had a very special and appropriate mission created expressly for him. He was invited to go to Turkey, and thence, having obtained the permission of the Sultan, he was to proceed to the Holy City of Jerusalem and select a site for a Mexican convent. Irony could scarcely go farther than this. The Emperor has, in fact, changed his policy altogether. Recoiling from some of those who brought him to Mexico, and convinced that the bulk of the nation is Liberal, he has addressed himself to the party most directly opposed to the friends of the clergy, and has done his utmost to get Liberals to take office. He has had some success, but this very success has made him more and more adverse to the clerical Conservatives, and the whole influence of the French also impels him in the same way. Officially, indeed, the French authorities do not interfere in the matter, nor could they very well run counter to the known wishes of the Empress Eugénie, who started the whole expedition from pious motives. But the general tone of the French in Mexico is anti-clerical; the French journals published there (one of which, the *Edafette*, is written with great vigour and ability) are determined in their hostility to the priests, and many Frenchmen are, it is said, secretly interested in the purchases of Church property sold under the Government of Juarez. What is to be done with the property so transferred is one of the great difficulties which the Emperor has to face. He cannot enforce the restitution of the property, and yet it seems hard that the clergy should be permanently deprived of what was indisputably theirs, and of what they were in many cases forced to sell, in moments of revolutionary panic, for scarcely a twentieth of its value. It was hoped that the Nuncio who arrived in Mexico at the beginning of December would have brought out powers from Rome to accept some sort of compromise. But when he was asked what he was prepared to accept, he replied that he had not been invested with any powers, and must refer everything to Rome. The Emperor thought that to accept this answer patiently would be to make himself ridiculous. He would wait no longer, and he published a letter to the Minister of Justice, in which he desired that a scheme for regulating the titles of property transferred by forced sales from the Church should be drawn up for his consideration. This was setting

aside the Nuncio altogether, and the clerical party grew furious. Women and priests began to imprecate and threaten the Emperor, and to urge him to stop in his headlong wicked course. He had gone too far, however, to retract, and he turned a deaf ear to all that was said. But the mischief was done. The clerical party was not only lost to him, but set violently against him; and although the clerical party cannot govern the country any more than the French clerical party could govern France, yet it can, as in France, throw the most serious embarrassments in the way of a Government with which it has determined to quarrel. The Emperor was theoretically right in what he did, but not practically. He was not strong enough to make so powerful a party his enemies, and he might easily have given a triumph to neither side if he had been calmer, and had shown that, while he was not afraid of the priests, he wished to conciliate them. As it is, some of the minor clerical leaders have gone into open opposition to the Empire, and the fidelity of some of the higher leaders of the party is open to suspicion. Perhaps, in the long run, the bold course taken by the Emperor may be justified by success, and it was probably wiser to persist in it, as he has lately done by issuing decrees in accordance with the report of his Minister, than to seem to yield to intimidation. But for the moment he has exposed himself to the danger of having quarrelled with his old friends before he has secured the alliance of his old enemies.

(To be continued.)

SCOTCH SABBATARIANISM AGAIN.

SABBATARIANS and teetotalers are absolutely unwearied in the zeal with which they pursue their cheerful and benevolent tasks. The onslaughts of a sceptical press, the taunts of mercenary workaholics, the apathy of the public, all fail to weaken the undaunted energy which seeks to add so much to the stock of human comfort and happiness. Railway directors, and journalists, and members of Parliament like to rule over a drunken and a Sabbath-breaking people, and the disinterested apostles of a brighter creed go forth among them as sheep among wolves. But the consciousness that their success would fill the world with exhilaration and vivacity, and make it such an infinitely pleasanter place to live in, is a motive the power of which can only be appreciated by those who have felt it. A future age may perhaps do justice to those men, overflowing with genial sympathy for mankind, who discern how much happier we should be if we never allowed our neighbours to drink anything but milk and water, and if we always passed our holidays in the invigorating atmosphere, the elevating scenery, and the ever-varying freshness of the large town in which we work, instead of rushing off to dingy fields and ugly unwholesome forests in the country. Posterity, too, may do justice to the soundness of the principle which induces these philanthropic people to prefer legislative compulsion to the lukewarm methods of argument and persuasion. If you think that a certain course is good for a man, and if you can obtain power to make him pursue it, whether he likes it or not, it would be worse than childish to let him have his own way. It is quite natural that his neighbours should know what is good for him better than he knows it himself. He cannot pretend to that lofty impartiality, that dispassionate and judicial calm, which is essential to the formation of sound practical conclusions. It is true that the superior interest which he has in the conclusion being sound, and the superior knowledge which he probably possesses of the facts of his own case, may count for something. And he has a sort of abstract right to do what he chooses, provided he does not injure his neighbours. But it is not well to let the refinements of casuistry avail over easy and simple doctrines; and if he won't believe that ours is the best course, he ought still to be forced to adopt it, believing or not.

Nothing but the most fervent philanthropy could support the Sabbatarian agitators in Scotland under the heavy cross of the North British Railway. A worldly-minded chairman snubs them. The Sadducees of the press revile them. The whistle of the reckless Sabbath-breaking locomotive is as a shrill and piercing gibe to them. Hundreds of misguided souls persist in making themselves miserable and gloomy by going into the country to see their friends, and get a whiff of fresh air, every Sunday. But our untiring benefactors still persevere. The godless, indeed, maintain that their efforts come of a sour and malignant restlessness, which no rebuke can check and no argument appease. They have been accused of talking of things about which they are totally ignorant, and the chairman of the railway company has been so preposterous as to say that the board of directors is the best judge both of "the public necessities and the capability of the means at their command." He has even declined to have any further correspondence on the subject, as it "can only result in repetitions of their respective opinions by those who look at the question under discussion from totally different points of view." As the board had had one hundred and ninety-nine memorials laid together upon their table, perhaps we can hardly wonder that the directors require a little repose, more especially as memorials have no very immediate bearing on dividends. But this only serves to make the last cry of these persecuted and misrepresented souls the more interesting. It is refreshing to find that they are what they ever were, genial, logical, and abounding with a cheerful anxiety to make the Scotch world a little more gloomy and austere. One would have been acutely disappointed to find that a controversy with unscriptural directors and a press given

over to a reprobate mind had perverted them into believing the monstrous doctrine of these evil days, that there can be lawful or rational enjoyment on Sundays out of a place of worship. Mr. Hodgson had said that he did not think "Sunday should be made a day of penance, but that it should be a day of godly recreation—of wholesome and healthy amusement—a day in which people should be encouraged to visit their friends." But this rash attempt to evade the avowal of his wickedness is scouted with an amazing promptitude. Neither do the Sabbatarians wish Sunday to be made the most burdensome day in the week. "Most certainly we do not wish it to be a day of penance; most assuredly we do wish it to be a day of godly refreshment." Of course they do; but "what do you mean by a day of godly recreation, coupled with the idea of wholesome and healthy enjoyment?" It is quite evident that "you mean something altogether opposed to the view of the Sabbath taken by the Westminster Confession of Faith and by our godly forefathers." This time-honoured view is that "the first day of the week ought wholly to be devoted to the godly refreshment implied in religious exercises." The cheerfulness inspired by going to visit one's friends, or by change of scene on the only day when it is possible to seek it, is no refreshment at all; it does not give men renewed energy for another week's work, nor tend to expand their feelings or enlarge their sociability. To go a few miles out into the country one or two Sundays a month, to keep up old acquaintances or to make new ones, to get well out of the mill-horse round of everyday places and people and thoughts—all this it is which constitutes a day of true penance. Nobody but a railway director blinded by love of gain could fail to perceive that the real refreshment is to be found in religious exercises for fourteen or fifteen hours consecutively, with a few short intervals for the sustaining drams. The true ideal of a happy and virtuous life is to work like a slave for six days, and to spend the whole of the seventh in listening to sermons and expositions. Lukewarm people try to make a compromise with Baal, and think that if they spend three or four hours on a Sunday in religious exercises, and the rest in intrinsically harmless amusement, they are not, on the whole, exceeding the proper bounds of godly refreshment. This is a miserable fallacy. Such a compromise is a wilful violation of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and of the intention of our godly forefathers. The whole of the Sunday—and not of one alone, but the whole of every Sunday—from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, should be passed in religious exercises. Perhaps the young may find this rather irksome, but they must be brought up in the way they should go. You must oppose beginnings, or else there is no end of the enormities which a lax education begets. If children were allowed to romp, or laugh, or read amusing books, who knows but that when they became their own masters they might whistle on "the Sabbath," or even take a walk in the Botanical Gardens. It is true, also, that the godly refreshment of a whole day passed in religious exercises is apt in time to make people loathe the name of "Sabbath," and detest and abhor religion and everything connected with it. But this is not important. Our godly forefathers liked this kind of thing, and we are bound to imitate our godly forefathers. Jestings Gallies, who care for none of these serious things, say that whisky enters rather too largely into the godly recreation of the Scotch Sabbath. But is it not better that a man should get decently drunk in the calm of the Sabbath evening in his own house than be violating the Lord's Day by walking about in the fields or running down by train to look at the sea, as if he were some mere beast of the field who had had no godly forefathers and lived without a Confession of Faith? That young men and maidens should pass their evenings in the delightful, though rather obscene, diversion of "tooling" has been represented as a consequence of over-strict spiritual refreshment. And even the monstrous and disgusting indelicacy of investigating the chastity of the maidens of a whole village in the vestry, or what is known as the Loch-Ead Scandal, has been connected with the favourite practice of Scotch divines of "dealing faithfully with the people."

All these taunts the simple purity of heart of the Sabbatarians ignores, just as mere solid arguments fail to corrupt their trusting faith in their own cause. They would not even "have thought it worth while to advert" to Mr. Hodgson's remarks, "were it not for the necessity of not passing them by"—a statement with which as little fault can be found as the proposition about the famous children who would not have been drowned if they had stayed at home or slid upon dry ground. Neither must it be supposed that they at all desire to make their own particular form of wholesome refreshment compulsory. "We do not wish to force men into ways of enjoyment that they do not appreciate." Their only desire is to shut up every possible means of access to enjoyment of any other kind. They do not wish to force a man to plunge into religious exercises, but at the same time they would like to prevent him from doing anything else; just as a fanatical advocate for a liquor law might say that he did not at all want to force men to drink water, or milk, or tea, but only to prevent them from drinking anything stronger. It is always painful to criticize the unsophisticated logic of pious and benevolent persons, but we can hardly help pointing out that there is another form of compulsion besides the employment of positive force. The same principle which would justify the directors or the Legislature in taking measures to prevent the wicked man from traveling on Sundays, would also quite as completely justify them in putting him in prison for refusing to go and be dealt faithfully with for twelve hours a week. The theory that a man should be made to

do or to suffer what other people think best for him is more fruitful than fanatics like to think. For example, a great many people think Mr. Lawson and Mr. Somes public nuisances, and a great many others think that the Scotch Sabbath is a disgrace to civilization. Why, on this theory, should not the two members of Parliament be prevented from having seats in the House, and all these meddlesome creatures who pester railway companies with fanatical impertinence be ostracized or locked up?

But, of course, the Sabbatarians are much too wise to rest their case on the paltry considerations of a merely human system of social philosophy. Few arguments can have any weight with those who believe that "no secular expediency will justify a violation of the Sabbath law." It is not worth thinking of for a moment, that if the Sunday goods trains were discontinued, the extra pressure on the week-day traffic might produce a collision every Monday or Tuesday. The moans and shrieks of smashed and scalded passengers on the Monday would sound pleasantly in the ears of the man who reflected that they had saved him the pain of hearing the screech of a railway whistle on the Sunday. Better that a hundred persons should be killed or maimed, or made helpless and nervous and miserable for the rest of their lives, than that one goods train should violate the Sabbath law. Secular expediency means safety for human life; it means the procuring of as much happiness as possible for people while they do live; but neither life nor happiness is worth considering by persons who enjoy the sweet and holy privilege of having had godly forefathers. The exquisite moderation of this estimate of what secular expediency is good for recalls the memorable charity of Mr. Douglass, of Kirkcaldy, who declared that the mass of Sunday travellers consisted "of infidels, latitudinarians, and all the blackguardism of the country," and that only the "scum" of the community had any desire to travel on the Sunday. Secular expediency represents to the mind of the Scotch fanatic all the horrors, in the shape of increased general happiness and comfort, which progress or civilization represents to the mind of the Pope and his advisers. The Parisians have invented, it is said, a verb, *encycliquer*, meaning to bore one with presumptuous absurdities. The effect produced by the talk of Sir James Gardner Baird and his friends cannot be better described than by the pregnant phrase, *ils nous encycliquent*.

The Bill for compelling certain Irish railway companies to run Sunday trains was thrown out last week, principally, it is supposed, owing to the influence of the Scotch members; though there were so many considerations involved of a purely economical kind, that it would scarcely be fair to attribute the defeat to Sabbatarian influence exclusively. Still the restlessness of the Sabbatical faction is so ceaseless that it is well to keep a tight hand on such of them as have the power to keep back legislation. If a man once takes up with a gloomy and a harsh creed, it is astonishing how anxious he is to make all the world as delightfully miserable and gloomy as himself.

THE INDIAN TELEGRAPH.

THE completion of the telegraph to India has, from various causes, attracted less general attention than is due to the importance and difficulty of the undertaking. Among commercial men, the advantage of getting the Bombay quotations of grey shirtings and mule twist in yesterday's market is no doubt appreciated at its full value; but, happily, India has at present so little history in course of manufacture as to make it a matter of small moment to the public whether each little item of news arrives in eight hours or as many weeks. The new communication, moreover, has scarcely yet been made a part of Mr. Reuter's system; but if the working of the line continues to be as steady as it has hitherto been, its public importance will before long make itself more distinctly felt. Whether the permanent efficiency of a line through the least-settled districts of the Turkish Empire can be relied on is a question which time only can solve, but the mere fact that continuous commercial working has been fairly set on foot is a high testimony to the energy and skill of those who have organized the enterprise. The supposed impracticability of such an undertaking led to the first attempt to lay a cable by the Red Sea route, which, after a few months of partial activity, ultimately broke down so completely that it was not thought advisable to incur the expense required for the necessary repairs. For the moment, the present triumph of the land line, as it is called, may perhaps be regarded as a victory over the principle of submarine telegraphy, though, in truth, the inference is rather the other way. The line from Constantinople to Kurrachee is, in fact, a submarine line for more than one-third of the distance, and few will doubt that the cable laid along the Persian Gulf, and thence by the coast of Beloochistan to our Indian territories, is, beyond all comparison, the most secure portion of the whole telegraph. The main difference between the new line to India and that which came to so inglorious an end is that the deep sea sections between Aden and Kurrachee are avoided; while, on the other hand, new dangers are incurred in traversing a long stretch of country where the maintenance of the route depends upon the success with which a number of barbarous tribes may be frightened or bribed into good behaviour. Perhaps the true balance between the two routes may be struck by saying that the dangers arising from defective construction have been largely diminished, but only by accepting new risks and difficulties in the permanent maintenance of the line. The best safeguard which is afforded against another interruption of the telegraphic connexion

with India will probably be found in the fact that a complete double communication now exists between Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, and the European system. The line by which recent messages have been delivered passes on from Bushire to the head of the Gulf as a submarine cable, and is carried from that point direct to Bagdad, and through the Eastern provinces of Turkey to Constantinople. From the Ottoman capital to Belgrade the track still runs through Turkish territory, and it is on this section, which has been at work for a long time, that the most serious delays are met with. Throughout the whole of the Turkish portion of the line native operators alone are employed, and the administration is what the administration of Turks generally is. The jealousy which excluded all English interference will no doubt materially reduce the efficiency of the line, but it is only fair to the Turks to acknowledge that they have kept to their undertaking to employ officials capable of understanding English sufficiently to transmit intelligible messages from India to this country. Eastern management is rather a frail reed to lean on, but, whenever the Turkish line may be interrupted, there will always be an alternative route to fall back upon. From Bushire to Teheran a second line is constructed, which is said to be placed under English control, while Teheran is connected on the other side with the Russian system, and so, through Warsaw, with Germany and the rest of Europe.

It is not likely that the existing lines, even if they should be free from serious interruptions, will suffice for the whole telegraphic communication between England and her Eastern Empire. The more routes we have, the greater will be the security for continuous working; and it is much to be desired that another cable should be laid on the Red Sea track to supplement those already established. The enormous traffic developed on the Malta and Alexandria route, mainly in connexion with Egyptian commerce, proves, if proof were needed, that there need be no fear of overdoing the supply of telegraphic wires for the much more important traffic with India. The longer a line of telegraph is, the greater is its superiority over postal communication, and there is scarcely any limit to the number of Indian lines which could be made to pay, if only their permanence and efficiency could be secured. A new Red Sea line would have to encounter no insurmountable difficulties. A bad cable badly laid has failed, but that is no reason why a good cable carefully laid should not succeed. Every year has added, not only to the knowledge of what a submarine cable ought to be, but to the facilities for obtaining what is required. There are now two important companies of enormous means established for the express purpose of manufacturing submarine cables, and the terms of a modern specification for the purpose are so different from those which prevailed a few years ago as to obviate nine-tenths of the dangers which proved fatal both to the Red Sea and the Atlantic cables. Experience has proved beyond all question the immense increase of security and efficiency which is obtained by merely enlarging the dimensions of a cable. By adding to the diameter of the core and the insulating material, the working power of the machine, measured by the number of messages which it can transmit in a day, is vastly augmented; while a corresponding increase in the thickness of the iron wires which form the external covering is a better protection against decay from rust or chemical action than all the patented coatings and varnishes which ingenious inventors have devised. A table of the longevity of all the cables that have been laid tells this uniform tale, that, as a rule, all heavy cables last, and all light cables speedily disappear. A very few exceptions may be found, but the superiority of the heavy cables is at once the conclusion of theory and the result of experience. A multitude of submarine cables, weighing from four to eight tons a mile, have been steadily at work for years; many more, averaging about two tons per mile, have been fairly successful; while those of half that weight—such as the old Red Sea and Atlantic cables—have almost invariably been lost, either in the process of laying or after some very brief period of active existence. This lesson has now been thoroughly learned, and if the Red Sea experiment should be repeated, we may be quite sure that the electric rope will be a vastly more substantial affair than that on which so much money was unfortunately wasted; and that the prospects of lasting success will be immeasurably improved, both by the additional solidity of the cable and by the greatly improved methods of manufacture and testing which are now invariably followed. Whether, therefore, the Turkish line does or does not continue in a satisfactory condition, the problem of telegraphic connexion with India may be regarded as finally solved. And if this is not too sanguine a view, let us ask what next—and next?

Any one who takes up a telegraphic map of the world will find upon it three, and only three, distinct systems of lines. The first and most important of these extends its arms over the whole of Europe and a large part of Asia. From Galway in the extreme west, through every capital in Europe, on to Rangoon at the furthest extremity of our Eastern possessions, and, again, north-east to Lake Baikal in the depths of Russian Tartary—from the almost Polar regions of Norway and Finland to the verge of the equator at Point de Galle—the network is complete. A second system, scarcely less elaborate, covers the whole of the North American continent, and is only prevented by political disorganization from spreading onward over South America as far towards Cape Horn as civilization exists. A third system, as yet in its infancy, is growing rapidly on the Australian continent, and already not only connects such towns as Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, but has brought Brisbane

into the circuit, and is now working its way rapidly through the thinly settled district which extends northward from Moreton Bay towards Port Denison. China is at present almost the only large and populous country where telegraphic communication is not fully established between all points of importance. It is impossible to contemplate so near an approach as has already been made to a complete telegraphic union of the whole world without asking whether it may not be possible to fill up the gaps which yet remain. If India can only be connected with Australia and China, and if the gulf between the Old and New Worlds can only be bridged, the marvellous dream of universal communication without appreciable loss of time would become a reality. What are the prospects of such a result? Of the various routes from time to time suggested for an American telegraph, all but two have been definitively abandoned. One of these is a track from Irkutsk on the Baikal Lake, through some of the dreariest regions of Asiatic Russia, to a point on the coast near Behring's Straits, and thence across a comparatively narrow sea to the American continent. The other route is the well-known track from Ireland to Newfoundland. From the information at present available, there does not appear much probability of the Russian wires being carried far beyond their present eastern terminus at Irkutsk, either in the direction of the Northern Pacific, or even across the Tartar country which lies between that point and the Chinese Empire. Even in India, populous and comparatively civilized as it is, the interruptions, both from natural causes, such as winds and floods, lightnings and rains, and from wilful destruction by barbarous tribes, are so serious that it rarely happens that the entire system of lines is ever at work without an important break in some of the main arteries. The expense of constant supervision and repair is such as to eat up all the profits, and to make the warmest admirers of land telegraphs doubt whether the troubles of the land are not even worse than the perils of the sea. The like embarrassments cannot fail to occur in the working of the Turkish telegraphs; but all these obstacles are as nothing compared with those which Russia would have to surmount in attempting to extend her system much further, either in a north-easterly or south-easterly direction. It is tolerably clear that America, if reached at all, must be approached from the shore of Ireland. The perils of this undertaking have been well illustrated by past misfortunes, but the enterprise of its projectors has not been damped, and they will face the risks of the Atlantic a second time with chances of success incomparably greater than before. Their cable will be twice as stout, and much more than twice as good. The danger of laying it on a rugged and unfavourable bed is not greater than on the first occasion, and it is quite certain that the new cable will bear vastly more attrition than would have destroyed the first. The real cause of the original failure—defective manufacture and insufficient testing—will have almost ceased to be an appreciable danger; and the one formidable risk, in a commercial sense, is the certainty that the first defect that may appear in the cable will put an end to its working for ever. A machine that can never be repaired needs to be very perfect indeed, if it is to last long enough to repay expenditure on such a scale as that required for a submarine cable 3,000 miles in length. The distance, moreover, diminishes the durability of the cable in more ways than one. The chances of wearing and rusting away cannot be met, as in other cases, by adding very largely to the weight, without requiring a whole fleet of Great Easterns to carry the load. The engineers have advanced as far in this direction as they dared, but the new pattern is still only on the margin between the light cables, which invariably give way, and the heavy class, which have proved reasonably durable. If the workmanship is as good as it is expected to be, and if by good fortune the rope finds an easy bed at the bottom of the Atlantic, the extreme depth will itself be a protection against some of the dangers, both from natural and artificial causes, to which lines laid in shallow seas may be exposed. Neither anchors nor currents are likely to trouble the Atlantic cable; but the great set-off against these little advantages is to be found in the absolute impossibility of repairing a fault.

While this is the prospect of closing one of the two great gaps in the telegraphic map, an equally energetic effort is promised to carry the Indian lines to Australia on the one hand, and to China on the other. In many respects nature is more favourable to this enterprise than to the more exciting Atlantic venture. From Rangoon to Singapore (which forms the first section, both of the Chinese and Australian routes) there is a choice of land or sea; but the Malay peninsula is in great part uncleared and unsettled, exposed to violent storms of lightning, wind, and rain, and inhabited by a race over whom it would be impossible to exercise any effective control. The difficulties which have obstructed some of the Indian lines would reappear there in double force, and the result of these considerations has been to confine attention almost exclusively to the sea route. This is by no means unfavourable in its character, and it has the great recommendation of allowing the cable to be laid throughout in comparatively shallow water. An excessively shallow sea, of course, has special dangers of its own, as the proprietors of the Channel lines find to their cost every time that a ship's anchor damages their wires. But it is possible, by adding to the weight and strength of the outer casing, to defy this source of mischief; and almost everywhere, except in narrow seas, it is easy to place the cable too deep to be troubled by ships' anchors, and yet sufficiently near the surface to be readily picked up for repair. What may be called the choice telegraphic depths are from forty to one hundred fathoms, and it is said that a track

satisfying these conditions can be found the whole distance from Rangoon to Singapore. From Singapore to all the chief ports of China the work is still easier. But by far the greatest difficulty on the Australian route is found in laying out the course from Singapore to Batavia. The sea is throughout shallow, and from the nature of the navigation among the islands ships are constantly compelled to anchor. Currents in the water and coral at the bottom add to the risks, which were found so formidable that a light cable laid in 1859 was ultimately abandoned after a fitful existence of a couple of years. All these difficulties, however, involve nothing more serious than a little extra expense for a sufficient increase of weight will make any line strong enough to defy ships, coral, currents, and almost every other destructive agency. With the exception of a comparatively short section of unknown depth, where, though on a very much smaller scale, the same kind of risks would have to be faced which attend the Atlantic enterprise, there are no more natural obstacles in the way, and out of the whole system of 6,000 miles required to unite India with China and Australia, not more, and probably much less, than two or three hundred miles would be out of reach when required to be lifted for repairs. Such appear to be the broad conditions of the problems to be solved by those who have undertaken to complete the telegraphic network of the world. The ultimate success of the shallow sea lines is rather a commercial than an engineering question. Cables of sufficient strength will suffice to overcome every natural difficulty which such routes present. Those who tempt the depths of the ocean cannot, perhaps, ensure success, however great their skill and however lavish their expenditure. Some share of good fortune must go to the satisfactory laying of a cable across the Atlantic in such plight as to have a fair prospect of permanence; but there is no difficulty even in this enterprise, and still less in the route between India, China, and Australia, to induce us to despair of seeing both the one and the other sooner or later accomplished.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

LORD MACAULAY remarks somewhere that we are now nearer to Edinburgh for all practical purposes than our ancestors were to Reading, and nearer to Vienna than they were to Edinburgh. It is difficult to conceive the distance which must then have separated Oxford from Cambridge. The gradual increase of communication, which is bringing every point of English ground within a Sabbath-day's journey of every other, is causing a rapid approximation of our University towns. In recent times, a coach used to ply between them, of which the story ran that it conveyed the unfortunate victims of one set of Examiners to appeal to the tender mercies of their rivals. Perhaps the increasing ferocity of these enemies of the undergraduate race has made more frequent means of transit necessary. At all events, a road having all the superficial appearance of a railway now connects the sister towns. Those, indeed, who have the boldness to commit themselves to the journey suffer many things. They pass the greater part of their day in being shunted on to mysterious sidings. They cross main lines at right angles. They feel that they would often shorten the journey by getting out and walking. In fact, they undergo the torments of a worse than Great Eastern railroad. But bold men are nevertheless known to have left one terminus and to have arrived at the other in the course of the same morning. Encouraged by reports of former successful ventures, some hundreds of Oxford undergraduates dared the horrors of this middle passage, and were safely landed at Cambridge on the morning of Saturday last. It is to be hoped that their reception was such as to repay the toil and danger which beset the travellers by cross-country railways. The weather, indeed, displayed in full perfection the inhospitable rigours of an English spring, or rather of the winter which seemed to have installed itself *en permanence*. A bright morning was succeeded by a day such as our climate can sometimes turn out in perfection. A drizzling rain gradually changed into sleet, and the sleet changed into a steady snow-storm, driving in horizontal lines before a raw and piercing wind. Snow, indeed, is presumed to be a trifling consideration to the youthful athlete. But the temperature was at that happy point which converted the snow into melting slush, and covered the surface of the ground with a layer of slippery slime. The ardent spirits who hoped to cover themselves with undying glory, by accomplishing various gymnastic feats in unprecedentedly short times, were doomed to disappointment. The most that they could expect was that to the record of their doings might be appended the accustomed formula—"considering the state of the weather." It is very little satisfaction to a general to say that he would have won a battle if he had had more powder; and the pedestrian is only half pleased when he states that, if the ground had been good, he would have run a mile in four minutes and a half. The virtue supposed to reside in an "if" has become exceedingly suspect.

The spectators, who displayed a gallantry only equalled by that of the competitors, received some compensation for the severity of the weather. The great pleasure of seeing a long race is derived from the exhibition of pluck in those who contest it. The more protracted and acute the agonies which they suffer, the more agreeable it is to look on. The spectacle of gentlemen struggling over two miles of rotten turf, in the face of wind and snow, falls under the class described as fit for the gods. There is, indeed,

no athletic contest into which sheer pluck enters as a more distinct element of interest. It requires some dogged determination to row in a University race, when twenty minutes' exertion has strained the muscles of your back and made your arms insensible. But you have seven companions in misfortune, and the regularity and precision of the swing propels you by an almost mechanical impulse. It is, again, a fearful moment when you are breasting an Alpine snow-slope under a hot sun for the first time after eleven months' transgression of Mr. Banting's commandments. But there, unless you are weak-minded, no rivalry need urge you to go faster than suits your constitution. In a close foot-race the case is very different. Your legs move slowly and reluctantly, as if in a dream; they seem like dead weights, to be dragged up by a distinct exertion at every stride; the ground develops a singular faculty for clinging like a remora to the soles of your shoes; strange aches and cramps shoot through hitherto unknown muscles. Meanwhile, your heart and lungs are closely confined in a tight framework, and they are making violent efforts to burst its constraint. You begin to think that, after all, you owe a duty to your friends, and to entertain the heretical opinion that there is no imperative necessity for bursting a blood-vessel to win a trifling glory for yourself or your University. Just at this moment, perhaps, an antagonist shoots by you. You are, of course, totally unconscious of his sufferings, and naturally imagine that he is leaving you at his ease. And then a horrible temptation shoots through your mind. If you just ease off for a little, no one will know whether you are running with a little too much "judgment," or are actually dead beat; perhaps, in the excitement of the moment, people will hardly observe the slight relaxation which would give you so much ease. If, under these circumstances, you can perform the disagreeable operation known as pulling yourself together, and after a desperate effort struggle gamely to the finish, you are worthy of all the glory that can fall to an athlete's share. Considered as an animal, you are fit to be reckoned amongst game-cocks, bulldogs, and other accepted types of unflinching endurance. As a man, you may take your choice of a comparison, according to your favourite school of fiction, between the Red Indian, the Viking, and the two or three mythical heroes who have killed themselves by running with the news of a victory. A foot-race makes less call upon the intellect than a boat-race or a cricket-match, for the establishment of due discipline over an eight or an eleven demands some of the qualifications of a general; but every one can appreciate its excellence as a trial of pluck, and those not least to whom running has become a recollection of the past—a thing not to be done except under immediate peril from an express train. The two miles race at Cambridge, therefore, deserved and excited more interest than the other games, as being the severest test of endurance. It was also run by the Cambridge competitors with much patience and judgment. Although Oxford had three representatives to two of Cambridge, two of the Oxford runners were too much outpaced to be of any use to their colleague, Mr. Johnson. He was, accordingly, left to struggle alone against two antagonists, which is no small disadvantage in a long race. He apparently wasted his strength unnecessarily in racing for the lead with Mr. Garnett. Mr. Garnett has no remarkable speed, but is, to all appearance, capable of running at a certain steady pace for any number of miles. He perseveringly attempted to slip quietly past Mr. Johnson, and every attempt, for more than a mile, was met by a corresponding effort from his antagonist. More than one collision took place between them, and Mr. Garnett twice tripped and fell into the slough of mud and snow, only to rise and renew the contest with fresh vigour. The two entered the last lap together. Mr. Webster, the other Cambridge representative, who had been quietly waiting for his chance, then rushed suddenly to the front. The effect of Mr. Garnett's gallant racing made itself evident. By a desperate effort, Mr. Johnson kept pace with Mr. Webster for a short time, and even seemed at one moment to be gaining. But the effort was evidently too great. Mr. Webster, who would be a dangerous adversary to any amateur performer we have ever seen, seemed to run with as much ease as at starting. He shook off his opponent after a few yards, and won by a considerable distance. The Webster rush will probably become celebrated as a tradition for several generations of undergraduates. Those generations are, unluckily for his fame, of a very transitory nature; but he well deserves all the pleasure that such fame can give, as some reward for scornful delights and living laborious days up to the necessary point.

We need not relate at length how Cambridge owed the mile race to the prowess of the same champion; how, in the quarter of a mile, they won again, the best Oxford competitor running himself completely to a standstill; how they thought, and other people thought, but unluckily the judges did not think, that they had won the hundred yards; how they won the hurdle-race, owing or not owing to the fact that an Oxford runner represented his length on the slippery turf; nor how two of their representatives threw the cricket-ball, and two others put the weight, beyond the utmost efforts of their stalwart competitors. In only one department of physical glory, an Oxford athlete gained undisputed laurels for his university. Mr. Gooch succeeded in clearing 5 ft. 5 in. in height, whilst his opponents could only reach 5 ft. 4 in.; and, springing from ground which rather resembled a sponge than a lawn where historical human beings have actually played cricket, covered 18 ft. 5 in. in length. The lion's share of glory fell decidedly to Cambridge. Oxford can well afford to spare it for

the time. She may rest her claims to the reputation sought by the sons of Anak on successive victories on the river and at Lord's ground. We hope that the pre-eminence in athletic sports won by her rival may be a good omen for closer contests on other fields of battle. All lovers of the bat and the oar will be glad to see Cambridge stimulated to more successful efforts in other departments. The victories on Fenner's ground may, we hope, give omen of a more spirited contest at Putney than any that has greeted us of late years.

Considered as feats, the performances were all above the average of such contests, when due allowance has been made for the unfavourable weather. Professor Wilson himself would have jumped into the middle of the Cherwell if he had tried to clear it on such a day, and Deerfoot would hardly have accomplished eleven miles in the hour. Although the athletes will not be able to refer to their performances as proofs of their capability under favourable circumstances, they will doubtless regard them in future with almost equal pleasure. People sometimes wonder what it is that induces young men to go through all the torments of racing and of training; they seem to be ready, like Hindoo fakirs, to submit to any amount of torture in hopes of a very problematical reward. The passion which leads eight lads to deprive themselves for weeks of all the pleasures they most value, from smoking to having a whole skin on their bodies, is of course a strong one. It is compounded partly of the mere physical necessity of being in action. A healthy youth resembles an engine with its steam at high pressure, which must start off at full speed in some direction. Something, too, is owing to the social spirit; public opinion compels every undergraduate to spare neither land nor gold, metaphorically speaking, on behalf of his University. And a great deal is due to mere personal ambition. The veneration with which a schoolboy regards the captain of his school, whose physical perfections are supposed to be the outward sign of a general superiority to the human race, has not quite died out at the University. The captain of the eleven or the eight is still a revered being, although the claims of intellect are beginning to be appreciated. As savage nations continue to worship their rough national heroes after conversion to Christianity, an undue prestige still clings to victorious athletes even in the seats of "sound learning and religious education." But, if they could anticipate a few years, the ambition of the candidates for muscular fame would receive an additional stimulus. Victory is very pleasant at the time, but it is still pleasant in the recollection, and even defeat becomes agreeable in course of years. Whatever else may happen, the day in which you ran, rowed, or played in a University match is a day rescued from oblivion. You will never forget even its minute incidents so long as you live, and it will be long before you allow your friends to forget them either. Hitherto, this pleasure has been reserved for a small class of human beings—for those whose massive bone and muscle fitted them for the boat-race, or for those whose careful public school education taught them probably nothing else, but taught them cricket. Such honours should no more be confined to two departments of physical excellence than the House of Lords should be confined to lawyers and clergymen, or fellowships offered only to classical scholars and mathematicians. We are glad that the idols of another worship are to be admitted into the undergraduate Pantheon. We can only hope that better success will attend the introduction of new sports than has hitherto attended the introduction of new studies. The Examiners in the "moral sciences" frequently outnumber the candidates. It will be long before the same can be said of the judges in the athletic sports.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF JULIUS CESAR.*

(Second Notice.)

WE mentioned in our former article the implicit faith which the biographer of Cæsar seems to put in the accounts which Dionysius, Livy, and other writers give us of the mythical ages of Rome. He quotes them with exactly the same faith as if he were quoting a contemporary account by Thucydides or Polybius. Once only does he seem to awake to the fact that there is any doubt or difficulty about the matter. As to the exact position of the clients and freedmen, he tells us, with a pleasing simplicity, that there is great difference of opinion among the learned:—

Ces questions ont été l'objet de savantes recherches; mais, après une lecture attentive des ouvrages de Beaufort, Niebuhr, Götting, Duruy, Marquardt, Mommsen, Lange, etc. on est effrayé de la diversité des opinions; nous avons adopté celles qui nous ont semblé les plus probables.

We fear, however, that the writer's own researches are not likely to add greatly to our lights upon the matter. The comparison of the relation between patron and client and that between lord and vassal is not new, but the present author has enriched it with a distinction which would not have occurred to every one:—

Cet état de choses avait quelque analogie avec la féodalité; les grands protégeaient les petits, et les petits payaient la protection par des redevances et des services; toutefois, il existait une différence essentielle: les clients n'étaient pas des serfs, mais des hommes libres.

It is evident, then, that the author believes that, in the feudal system, all vassals are necessarily serfs. Considering that this

* *Histoire de Jules César*. Tome Premier. Paris: Henri Plon. 1865.
History of Julius Caesar. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

book is dated from the Tuileries, this new discovery becomes really serious. It is no mere antiquarian question as to the ancient rights of Aquitaine or of Scotland. It very closely touches certain potentates on whom the master of the Tuileries has hitherto been supposed to look with rather a favourable eye. Let Prince Alexander John look out. He is a vassal of the Sultan; therefore, according to the Imperial version of feudal relations, he is not a free man, but a serf.

A little way on, our author falls into the common mistake about the supposed closing of the temple of Janus in time of peace. This confusion is as old as Plutarch, who speaks of *πῶς διόρως, ὃν πόλεμον πάλιν καλοῦσι*. This comes from the Life of Numa, cap. xx., which our author wrongly cites as xxiv. We may add that, throughout the book, the references, though very numerous, are strangely inaccurate, making their verification a work of needless labour. The quotations are always made in French; the translation is often inaccurate and never literal. Thus, in the present passage, every scholar knows that the Janus which was shut was not a temple, but a gate. The words of Livy (i. 19) imply this:—"Janum ad infimum Argiletum, indicem pacis bellique, fecit; apertus ut in armis esse civitatem, clausus pacatos circa omnes populos significaret." And so he goes on; "his deinde post Numæ regnum clausus fuit." The Janus, the gate, was shut; but our author, professing to translate Livy, boldly says, "le temple de Janus." One or two other specimens of the author's clumsy way of dealing with his authorities may as well be mentioned. Here is one a little way on, where Livy describes the Interregnum. Ten senators are appointed, one from each decury:—

Decem imperitabant, unus cum insignibus imperii et lictoribus erat; quinque aliorum spatio finebatur imperium, ac per omnes in orbem ibat. Premere deinde plebs, multiplicatam servitutem, centum pro uno dominos factos; nec ultra nisi regem, et ab ipsis creatum, videbantur passuri.

This in the French becomes—

Le pouvoir était collectif: un seul en portait les insignes, et marchait précédé des licteurs. La durée de ce pouvoir était de cinq jours, et chacun l'exerçait à son tour. . . . La plebs ne tarda pas à murmurer. On n'avait fait qu'aggraver sa servitude: au lieu d'un maître, elle en avait cent. Elle paraissait disposée à ne plus souffrir qu'un roi, et à le choisir elle-même.

Now "le pouvoir était collectif" is no translation of "*decem imperitabant*." Livy clearly means that the power was not collective, but that the "imperium" was held by each of the ten in turn. Again "*aggraver sa servitude*" by no means gives the full and special force of "*multiplicatam servitutem*."

The writer seems to follow no intelligible rule as to the representation of Roman names in French. Sometimes they retain their full proportions, sometimes they are cut down in the usual French fashion. We get Spurius Melius, Fabius Cæson [Kæso Fabius], Servilius Cæpion, the author seemingly having no decided view as to the retention or omission of the diphthong. One Æmilius keeps his name; another sinks, with the usual queer inversion, into *Poul-Émile*. M. Pupius Piso, a Calpurnius adopted by a Pupius, and who, like Metellus Scipio, retained his *cognomen*, is oddly jumbled up into Pupius Pison Calpurnianus. Among women, we get in two pages, Julie, Cornelia, Antistia, Annia, and lastly Émilie, which last name has a wonderfully modern sound for a step-daughter of Sulla and wife of Pompeius. So with laws, we find in one place "*la loi Manilia*," in another "*les lois Juliennes*." All this is loose and unscholarlike. But it is a much more serious fault when we find the author wholly ignorant of so important a matter as the Roman law of *exilium*. By a not unnatural confusion, he forgets that the Republic kept no Cayenne, no Lambæse, no Île du Diable, and that *deportatio in insulam* was a strictly Imperial invention. Twice in his own hero's speech on behalf of the Catilinarian conspirators is the *exilium* spoken of in the clearest manner, and twice is the speaker's meaning perverted by his biographer through one of the most daring pieces of construing on record. Cæsar, as any Roman would, speaks of *exilium* as a privilege, of the *ius exsulandi* as one of the rights of the citizen; his biographer actually converts it from a privilege into a punishment. Cæsar speaks of laws which "*exilium permitti jubent*"; this becomes "*prescrivent l'exil*." Presently he again speaks of laws "*quibus exilium damnatis permittum est*"; by the translator they are turned into laws "*qui n'autorisent que l'exil contre les condamnés*." It is surprising that any man who fancied himself capable of writing Roman history should have been ignorant of so familiar and so remarkable a piece of Roman jurisprudence. It is still more surprising that, if he sat down to his task in so dark a state of mind, the plain words of his own Cæsar did not enlighten him.

The author has thought it necessary to recount the wars of the Republic at a length which one would have thought altogether needless for his purpose. In so doing he makes some other astounding displays of ignorance. Of the relations between Rome and Latium he knows nothing. The great Latin War, one of the most terrible struggles which Rome ever encountered, a struggle ennobled by the devotion of the elder Decius, a struggle which must be fresh in the memory of every reader of Arnold, sinks in the hands of the present writer into the fact, brought in almost incidentally, that Rome had "encore en 416, à réprimer une dernière insurrection des Latins." Speaking of the Latins, we find an amusing passage in which the great champion of "the Latin race" suddenly steps forward in the midst of a somewhat dry dissertation on the different kinds of colonies and *municipia*:—

Si les colonies romaines annonçaient aux peuples vaincus la majesté du nom romain, leurs seurs latines donnaient une extension toujours plus grande au *nomen latinum*, c'est-à-dire à la langue, aux mœurs, à toute la civilisation de cette race dont Rome n'était que le premier représentant.

Directly after we read:—

En faisant du droit de citoyen romain un avantage que chacun était heureux et fier d'acquiescer, le sénat donnait un appât à toutes les ambitions, et c'est un trait caractéristique des mœurs de l'antiquité que ce désir général, non de détruire le privilège, mais de compter au nombre des privilégiés.

Any one who knows anything of history knows that this tendency is in no way characteristic of antiquity, but is simply a weakness of human nature, which shows itself in all times and places whenever political circumstances give it an opportunity. A citizen of Thurgau, who has most likely passed through Geneva and Bern, might easily have picked up a little knowledge of the matter.

As we go on, little touches of inaccuracy or insufficient knowledge meet us at every step. We read, in the year of the city 241, when Rome had just acquired her first province, of members of the same tribe being "*disséminés dans les provinces*"; the writer evidently using the word "provinces" in the vulgar sense in which some people oppose it to "metropolis." The later Greek writers do indeed speak of the Italian allies of Rome as *Ἰταλιῶται*, but a modern scholar would hardly call them "Italotes," a word set apart by accurate writers to express the Italian Greeks as distinguished from the other inhabitants of the peninsula; and it is only by a gross misquotation (p. 143) that this use of the word is by the writer apparently attributed to Polybius. The following is a strangely unfair and inadequate view of the great political achievement of Fabius and Decius:—

Bien d'autres noms pourraient encore être cités, qui honorèrent alors et dans les siècles suivants la République romaine; mais ajoutons que si la classe dirigeante savait appeler à elle tous les hommes éminents, elle n'oubliait pas de récompenser avec éclat ceux surtout qui favorisaient ses intérêts: Fabius Rullianus, par exemple, vainqueur dans tant de batailles, ne reçut le nom de très-grand (*Maximus*) que pour avoir, lors de sa censure, annulé dans les comices l'influence de la classe pauvre, composée d'affranchis, qu'il distribua parmi les tribus urbaines (454), où leurs votes se perdaient dans le grand nombre.

After this it is amazing to read, later on in the book (p. 206), that freedmen had no votes at all. In the chapter on the "Basin of the Mediterranean," the author goes into a vast number of details which one would have thought were quite needless for his object, and among which he is often followed by his usual ill-luck. His ignorance of Greek affairs, in particular, is amazing, and can be surpassed, as we have seen, only by that of his translator. The later history of Greece is indeed too generally neglected, but it cannot be safely neglected by any historian of Rome. And the present writer by no means neglects it; that is to say, he says a good deal about it, though much of what he does say is of a very strange kind. At the beginning of the first Punic War, in B.C. 264, Peloponnesus, we are told, was divided between the Achæians, the "Tyrant of Sparta," and certain independent cities. A Tyrant of Sparta in B.C. 264 is something so new to history that one would like to be at least favoured with his name; and it is, on the other hand, amusing, when we come to the time when Sparta really had a tyrant, to find Nabis respectfully spoken of as King. In B.C. 264, moreover, the Achæian League, according to our author, already comprised Argolis, Corinth, and Sicyon—acquisitions which, according to more accurate chronologers, were made in various years from 251 to 228. Getting on somewhat later, the whole history of the last Philip is given with the most wonderful confusion of facts and dates. Demetrius of Pharos is made, after the defeat of the Illyrians, to become "tuteur" to their King; he then flies to Philip, at a time which is oddly described as "tandis que le jeune roi devenait l'allié ou le sujet de la République." Now Demetrius went to Philip during the Social War, before there were any hostilities between Macedonia and Rome, Demetrius himself being the chief instigator of Philip to his alliance with Hannibal. The author's description is therefore wholly unintelligible. Presently, among the grounds for the first Macedonian War, we read that Philip—Philip the Third, as the writer oddly calls him—had "envahi plusieurs provinces de la Grèce." Unless this is a dark allusion to the Social War, in which however Rome took no part nor interest, this passage is as unintelligible as the other. Presently, after Flamininus' proclamation at the Isthmian games, we read that the Romans had "affranchi la ligue Achéenne"—probably a confusion with the Phthiotic Achæians, whose name occurs in the list of liberated States. Then follows a passage which we can but transcribe in utter ignorance of its meaning:—

Alors, comme autrefois, les Athéniens, les Spartiates, les Bédiens, les Éoliens, puis les Achéens, s'efforçaient chacun de constituer une ligue hellénique à son avantage; et chacun, aspirant à dominer les autres, se tournait alternativement vers ceux dont il espérait dans le moment l'appui le plus efficace.

The murder of Nabis by the Ætolians is presently veiled under the odd description of a "tentative contre le Peloponèse." And the career of Philopœmen is given no less oddly:—

La ligue Achéenne s'était agrandie, et Philopœmen y avait fait entrer Sparte, la Messénie et l'île de Zacynth; mais ces contrées, impatientes de la domination achéenne, avaient bientôt cherché à s'en affranchir.

We must again remark that a Thurgovian citizen should know better than to talk about Achæian "domination," unless indeed this passage is a feeler or a prophecy of the day when Geneva is to be delivered from the domination of Switzerland. As for Zacythus, we know nothing of the feeling of the inhabitants towards the Achæian connexion, because a speedy Roman

occupation gave them no opportunity of expressing any feeling either way. But we do miss Flamininus' delightful parable of the tortoise, told with such point by Bishop Thirlwall, and so characteristically spoiled by Dean Liddell.

To turn for a moment to other parts of the world, we certainly do not deny the assertion that "c'est surtout après Alexandre que la marine égyptienne prit une grande extension." But the saying is not so much a truth as a truism. But what are we to say to the following account of Lycia, from which we can only infer that the author, though he quotes Strabo in other parts of the same page, never heard of the Lycian League?

Tout à tour indépendante ou placée sous une domination étrangère, la Lycie, province comprise entre la Carie et la Cilicie, possédait quelques villes riches et commerçantes. L'une surtout, renommée par son antique oracle d'Apollon, aussi célèbre que celui de Delphes, se faisait remarquer par son port spacieux : c'était Patara, qui put contenir toute la flotte d'Antiochus, brûlée par Fabius en 565. Xanthus, la plus grande ville de la province, jusqu'où remontaient les navires, ne perdit son importance qu'après avoir été pillée par Brutus. Ses richesses lui avaient valu antérieurement le même sort de la part des Perses. Sous la domination romaine, la Lycie vit graduellement décliner sa population, et de soixante et dix villes qu'elle avait eues, elle n'en comptait plus que trente-six au VIII^e siècle de Rome.

Later on in the book we find such odd expressions as that Opimius, in the struggle with Caius Gracchus, sent out of the city "tous les citoyens qui n'étaient pas Romains," as if a man could be a Roman citizen without thereby being or becoming a Roman. Presently Marius "enrôla plus de prolétaires que de citoyens." Now what are "prolétaires"? This is one of the technical Latin words which the modern French jargon abuses in so vague a way that it has come to have just as little meaning as "decimation" or "ovation." It is therefore hard to say whether the word is used here with a meaning or without one. But the author is wrong in any case. He clearly fancies that "prolétaires" were not citizens. Now the *proletarii* were citizens, and those who were distinctively called *proletarii* were not quite the lowest class of citizens, seeing the *capite censi* were below them (see Aulus Gellius, xvi. 10). And moreover Sallust (Bell. Jug. 86) does not use the word *proletarii*, but speaks of Marius as enlisting the *capite censi*. Further on, Granius of Puteoli, the last victim of Sulla, is raised (p. 247) to the rank of Prætor, the reference to Plutarch being, as usual, wrongly given, 46 instead of 37. Servilius, who fought against the pirates, "reçut le surnom d'*Isauricus* pour s'être emparé d'*Isaura* [sic] leur principal repaire," which sets one thinking whether the author ever heard of Leo the Isaurian. In short, blunders, slips, carelessnesses of expression of every kind, are endless.

We think we have picked out enough to enable the reader to judge of the pretensions of the author to the praise of accurate scholarship; we will give only two specimens more. In the earlier stages of the first Punic War, the Romans laboured under difficulties arising from their not having any ships of the largest size and not knowing how to build them without models. Our author says:—

Nous avons vu, page 70, que Rome, après la prise d'Antium (*Porto d'Anzo*), avait déjà une marine, mais elle n'avait pas de galères à trois rangs ou à cinq rangs de rames. Rien de plus vraisemblable alors que le récit de Tite-Live, qui avance que les Romains prirent pour modèle une quinquerème carthaginoise naufragée sur leurs côtes. Malgré l'état avancé de la science, nous n'avons pu retrouver qu'imparfaitement la construction des anciennes galères, et, encore aujourd'hui, le problème ne serait complètement résolu que si le hasard nous offrait un modèle.

Now, as Livy's history of the first Punic War is lost, we learn nothing from him about the matter. The story comes from Polybius (i. 20, 21), who distinctly says that the Romans were familiar with triremes, but did not know how to build quinqueremes. It will hardly be believed that the author, in utter unconsciousness of what he had just written, immediately adds another note:—

Les Romains employèrent les triremes de Tarente, de Locres, d'Élée et de Naples pour traverser le détroit de Messine. "L'usage des quinquerèmes était tout à fait inconnu en Italie." (Polybe, I. xx.)

Lastly, here is one more specimen of construing. Livy says (xxxviii. 36, the reference, for once, is right):—

De Formianis Fundanisque municipibus et Arpinatibus C. Valerius Tappo tribunus plebis promulgavit, uti iis suffragii latio (nam ante sine suffragio habuerunt civitatem) esset. Huic rogationi quattuor tribuni plebis, quis non ex auctoritate senatus ferretur, quum intercederent, octo, populi esse, non senatus jus, suffragium, quibus vellet, impartiri, destiterunt incepto.

Nothing can be plainer to any one who has the faintest knowledge of Roman constitutional law; let us see what the biographer of Cæsar makes of it:—

Quatre tribus s'en remettaient au sénat pour accorder le droit de suffrage à Formies, Fundi, et Arpinum; mais on leur répond qu'un peuple seul appartient le droit de suffrage.

It may be worth noticing that the English translator here translates literally from the French, showing that he never thought of referring to the original.

We have now commented on the general character of the book, and on its merits or demerits as a work of scholarship. In a third and final article we propose to look a little more closely into the picture which the author gives of the characters and actions of Cæsar and his contemporaries.

VARNHAGEN'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

A NEW volume of letters just published by Varnhagen's executors contains materials of extraordinary interest. The history of Prussia during the first half of the nineteenth century, which is really the history of Germany, has not yet been written, and cannot yet be written. But whenever the time comes for writing that history, Varnhagen's Diary, and the letters addressed to him by his numerous friends, will hold a conspicuous place among the authorities to be consulted. It is too late now to discuss the propriety of publishing these documents so soon after Varnhagen's death, and while many of those whose character is dissected, or whose most confidential communications are flung before the world, are still among the living. We have expressed our opinion on that point on former occasions, and we still hold that Varnhagen never contemplated the shameless use which his friends have made of his literary bequests. Varnhagen, during the greater part of his life, was a disappointed man. In early life he belonged to that small circle of true patriots whose faith in the destinies of Prussia freed that country and Germany from the galling yoke of Napoleonic servitude. After the victory was achieved, the men who had saved the country gathered round the King, and began working with a devoted zeal at the internal regeneration of Prussia. For a time, but for a very short time only, the influence of these men prevailed in every department of the public service; and not only in politics, but in science, literature, and art, one of the brightest eras had opened in the history of that country. Then followed the reaction, brought on partly by the excesses of a too enthusiastic patriotism, partly by the pusillanimous fears and the selfish intrigues of those who surrounded an honest but weak king. Varnhagen was a spectator rather than an actor in these unfortunate conflicts, which in a short time lowered Prussia and brought her into a state of vassalage to Austria and Russia. But all his friends were in the thick of that struggle, and his neutral position gave him opportunities of watching and learning secrets which few besides him possessed. He was known to the Government as a *frondeur*, but his aristocratic connexions, and his well known disapproval of all violent measures, secured for him a kind of asylum between the camps of hostile parties. His personal character was always without spot or blemish. Love of truth pervades all he does, or says, or writes. Few men, even in Prussia—even in the Prussia of 1815—could vie with him in literary acquirements, in conversational powers, still less in readiness of pen and pureness of style. For distinctness, conciseness, correctness, and ease, his German stands almost unrivalled. Varnhagen was a thorough gentleman, and no whisper was ever heard against his good name before the publication of his literary remains; nor can we doubt that his memory will weather the storm which the wounded susceptibilities of friends and foes have raised for a moment. Had his Diary and his collections of letters been published fifty years hence, they would have been received with far more historical equanimity, and would at once have taken rank with equally outspoken memoirs of the eighteenth century. They would have been sifted critically, as all memoirs must be, and Varnhagen's own judgments, as well as the random opinions of many of his friends, instead of being held up as the irrevocable verdict of history, would have formed but one out of many items from which an historian might attempt to draw the picture of Prussia after the death of Frederick the Great. The rifling of Varnhagen's desk by those who had most reason for respecting his memory is a misfortune that cannot now be helped, but for which he himself, we believe, is but partially responsible. As a lesson, it will not be thrown away. It will make others more cautious in the disposal of their literary collections; and if to those who imagine that they can control the voice of history, as they may control by censorship and persecutions the voice of living public opinion, it has given a foretaste of what the verdict of the future will be on littleness, meanness, and criminality, it may have acted, for all we know, as a wholesome punishment in quarters where every other warning is thrown away.

The letters contained in the present volume are letters from Stägemann, Metternich, Heine, and Bettina von Arnim. The name of Stägemann is little known out of Prussia. He was one of those who took an active part in the liberation and regeneration of his country. He served under Stein and Hardenberg, but he remained in office after the reaction set in, and managed to keep on good terms with the new régime. His letters are interesting as showing the liberal tone of mind which prevailed among Prussian officials when men like Stein, Niebuhr, and Humboldt were at the helm. Varnhagen's opinion of Stägemann is not very favourable, and was no doubt influenced by his dislike of political inconsistency. He represents Stägemann as a man who first of all cared for himself and his family, secondly for his country, and to whom everything else was indifferent. He never served his friends, or rather he never knew the meaning of friendship. He liked to mix with men of intellect, and to be on friendly terms with them. But what he loved in them was their intellect only, and, it would seem, their applause. When looking at his former friend's letters, the earliest dating from 1813, Varnhagen writes:—

His letters, now that I read them again after many years, make a deeper impression on me than when I first received them. They are all so full of Constitution, Freedom of the Press, and bold judgments. How great were then our expectations, how strong the courage and the mind of every single

* Aus dem Nachlass Varnhagen's von Enss. Briefe von Stägemann, Metternich, Heine, und Bettina von Arnim. Leipzig: 1865.

man! How much have we fallen back! How depressing the comparison of Stägemann, as he then was, with him as we saw him during these later years! If I were to publish these letters now, what a firebrand it would be! But I shall not publish them yet.

In spite of the low opinion which Varnhagen entertained of Stägemann, he would not consent to abuse him after his death. He died in 1840, and Eichhorn, then Minister, under whom and with whom Stägemann had served, sent to Varnhagen to ask him to write a biographical notice. The friend whom the Minister sent abused Stägemann, accused him of dishonesty in money matters, and represented him as altogether untrustworthy. "Are those the materials you bring me?" said Varnhagen, and dismissed the Minister's deputy with a contemptuous refusal.

In Stägemann's correspondence there is a curious letter written in 1804 by King Frederick William to one of his Ministers. It would seem that in one of the newspapers there had been a complaint that a bridge across the Ruhr was out of repair, and dangerous. The local authorities considered such a complaint as an abuse of the liberty of the press, and were evidently anxious to have the editor or the correspondent punished. The King's answer is highly characteristic, as showing both his honesty of purpose and his timidity. The authorities, he writes, ought to thank the correspondent and the editor, rather than cause him any annoyance; or, if they thought the accusation wrong, they should have taken legal proceedings:—

We cannot expect [the King continues] (p. 28), that in cases which require to be publicly noticed, everybody will incur the inconveniences which arise from official denunciations. If respectful publicity in such matters were suppressed, we should have no means whatever of hearing of the derelictions of duty among the lower officials, who would thus acquire a very dangerous amount of independence. For this reason a respectful publicity is the surest guarantee both to the government and to the governed against carelessness and malice in lower officials, and deserves by all means to be supported and protected. I command you, therefore, to give instructions to this effect. For the rest I hope that the matter itself—namely, the repair of the unsafe bridge—has not been neglected on account of this dispute.—I remain, your well-affectioned King, Frederick William.

The letters from Metternich are few in number, but one of them is of historical importance. Metternich, in writing to thank Varnhagen for the account he had given of the Congress of Vienna, corrects some statements as to what happened when the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba first reached the Sovereigns and their Ministers then assembled at Vienna. He expresses himself pleased with the accuracy of Varnhagen's description, but, he says—

I must make one observation which touches an historical fact. You have written under the impression that Gentz, after the return of Napoleon from Elba, declared in favour of a peaceful reconciliation. This was not the case, and even if it had been otherwise, the opinion of our friend would have had no influence on the important decision. What happened was this, and if I describe it to you in a few words, it hardly required more time before war was decided on than I shall want in order to write down the history of the events.

The first news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba came to me, and it came as follows:—A conference of the Plenipotentiaries of the five Powers had lasted in my cabinet from the night of the sixth to the seventh of March till nearly three o'clock in the morning. As all the Cabinet were assembled at Vienna, I had given orders to my valet not to disturb me in my sleep if couriers arrived during the night. In spite of this, he brought me about six in the morning a despatch, delivered by special courier, and marked *urgent*. When I saw on the envelope the words, "From the Imperial General Consulate at Genoa," having hardly been two hours in bed, I placed the despatch unopened on the table at my bedside, and began to sleep again. Having, however, been once disturbed, I could not get much rest again. About half-past seven I made up my mind to open the despatch. It contained in six lines the following notice:—"The English Commissary Campbell [sic] had appeared in the harbour to ask whether Napoleon had been seen at Genoa, for he had disappeared from Elba. On receiving a negative answer the English frigate had immediately taken to sea again." In a few minutes I was dressed, and before eight I was with the Emperor. He read the despatch, and said to me quietly and determinately, as he did on all great occasions:—"Napoleon seems to wish to act the adventurer; that is his business. Ours is to secure to the world the tranquillity which he has so long disturbed. Go without delay to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and tell them that I am ready to command my army to march back to France. I doubt not that the two monarchs will agree with me."

At a quarter past eight I was with the Emperor Alexander, who told me the same as the Emperor Francis. At half-past eight I received the same declaration from the mouth of King Frederick William. At nine I was at home, where I had ordered Field-Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg to meet me. At ten the representatives of the four Powers appeared at my house on my invitation. At the same hour aides-de-camp were on their way in all directions to take to the different portions of the returning army the order to halt. You see that war was decided on in less than an hour.

When the Ministers came to me, they were still ignorant of what had happened. Talleyrand was the first to appear. I gave him the despatch from Genoa to read. He remained cold, and the following laconic conversation took place between us:—

TALLEYRAND: "Savez-vous où va Napoléon?"

Moi: "Le rapport n'en dit rien."

TALLEYRAND: "Il débarquera sur quelque côte d'Italie et se jettera en Suisse."

Moi: "Il ira droit à Paris."

This is the story in all its simplicity. A few days later Prince Talleyrand, the Duke of Wellington, and I travelled to Pressburg, where, in the name of the Congress, we effected an understanding with the King of Saxony, who lived there. The Duke of Wellington ordered three regiments of cavalry, then on their march back to France, to defile before him.

The letters of Heinrich Heine to Varnhagen will be read with interest, though occasionally with a painful interest. Heine had no idea of right or wrong, in the usual sense of these words; and though his genius might preserve him from doing what was mean and low, there were evidently no limits to his passions, no fear of God or man. He thinks nothing of asking Varnhagen to send him a proscription list, i.e. the names of any persons that Varnhagen might chance to dislike, and he

undertakes to punish them in such a manner as he alone could punish. It is clear that Varnhagen must have highly disapproved of many of the sentiments expressed in Heine's letters, and from time to time their correspondence was broken off. But Varnhagen was always tolerant and forgiving, his eyes were constantly open to what was great or good in his friends, and he was able to forget and forgive with all his heart.

No one among his numerous friends seems to have tried his patience more than Bettina von Arnim. He knew her thoroughly, and the few lines in which he analyses her character on the margin of her letters are strikingly true. He makes no secret that he considered Bettina a confirmed liar, and he brings evidence how she again and again, and it would seem almost on principle, said the contrary of what she knew to be the truth. "It was quite in Bettina's character," he writes, "to get rid of the truth which was disagreeable to her by maintaining the very opposite. Thus, when I first saw her in 1812 and avoided her most carefully, she related the next day that I would never leave her alone." Schleiermacher, too, had soon perceived an important ingredient in Bettina's character. "She suffers from flying sensuality," he remarked, much in the same manner as people suffer from flying gout. But with all these faults, which must have made her quite intolerable in society, Varnhagen was always ready to receive her again. "Bettina," he writes, "is such an original, genuine, mind-enobled, and richly endowed child, that if the dark admixture of perverseness and wildness could be removed, we should see in her an angel of light. And is not that the case with most men? We ourselves should always look to the better elements both in ourselves and in others."

Varnhagen's wife, Rahel, was a star of a much purer light than Bettina. The two were often contrasted, and hence, on the part of Bettina, a certain jealousy, which breaks through even amidst the outbursts of her boundless admiration for Rahel. We can watch in Bettina's and Rahel's letters many signs of quarrels, always brought on by Bettina, and always made up again by the friends and admirers of these eminent ladies. Among the admiring crowd we meet once with Professor Ranke, the historian, who does not even shrink from verse in order to bring about a reconciliation between his two heroines. What Varnhagen himself thought of Ranke he makes no secret of in one of his letters to Bettina. Varnhagen had reviewed a *Life of Frederick the Great*, by Preuss, then a young man, and had reviewed it favourably. This gave offence to Ranke, and Ranke complained to Bettina. Bettina herself told him that if he, Ranke, could see no excellences in Preuss's work, it was only owing to his defective vision. Varnhagen spoke out even more clearly:—

The reproach that I am easily gained over, and that I praise young talents too warmly, I deserve to a certain extent. When I praised Ranke's first essay very strongly, not he indeed, but others, addressed that reproach to me. Ranke, however, will never expose himself to a similar reproach; he takes great care not to praise, and not to recognise greatness. You will never catch him doing that. To tell you the truth, I give up Ranke, and I believe I shall never agree with him again. "Il a été une de mes erreurs," Napoleon would have said. His letter from Italy on the pietists in Halle, the indifference with which he evaded my answers, his determination, which shows itself so clearly, to keep on good terms with the powers and dignities that be, be they ever so bad, are to me extremely unpleasant.

This letter, it would seem, was communicated by Bettina to Ranke. Ranke, to revenge himself, told Bettina he could show her letters from Varnhagen where he spoke with the same unkindness of her. Bettina wrote back to Varnhagen, to call him to account. Here was, indeed, a difficult position, but Varnhagen's answer is as straightforward as it is gentle and kind. His letter to Bettina, he says, was not meant for Ranke, nor his letters to Ranke for Bettina. But he continues:—

I shall not deny what I said, nor shall I unsay it, nor try to gloss it over. You would be the first to burst out laughing were I to say that you, in the course of our strange friendship, had never given me cause of bitter complaint, of strong remonstrance. You know yourself far too well, and stand far too high in greatness of mind above your own ephemeral appearance, not to allow freely and willingly many a well grounded reproach. Your constant coming back to us, after so many painful separations, is a running confession, equally honourable to you and pleasing to myself.

I might remind you of many an incident which you would now admit yourself with laughing and shouting, which gave me a right to complain of you, and you would think it all the more laughable if I were to affect solemn severity in matters which you, so to say, shake out of your sleeves in fun and without malice.

In Ranke, however, it would be a want of delicacy if he had called back unpleasant recollections of former days, not, as I might do it, to make you smile at yourself, but to cause you serious annoyance. I might, on the spot, write your praises to Ranke to make up for the evil I have said in former letters, and I might equally say much to you in favour of Ranke, whose honourable qualities and fine talents I willingly acknowledge, though I cannot relish them myself. But were I to undertake all this, and to set all things perfectly right on all sides, were I to weigh, to mend, to straighten everything, would that not be to anticipate a little the last judgment? No, let us live on amidst right and wrong, excess and want, straightforwardness and cunning, as this world's confusion will have it; and let us only, amidst all changes, endeavour to preserve a pure benevolence, a free spirit, and a clear eye: then the best harmony will never be wanting.

BEATRICE.*

THERE are few phenomena in the history of literature better worthy of examination than those which illustrate the mutual action and reaction of popular taste and the peculiar genius of great minds. In every branch of art we may observe some

* *Beatrice*. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "Queen Mab," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

persons who embody and intensify the spirit of the time; while there are others who, though naturally its antagonists, afford, by their submission, the most convincing proof of its power. It would not be hard to find in the past many examples of eminent writers who would evidently have become famous for something very different from the works they have actually produced had not the eager demand of the crowd, or their own deference to a fancied authority, turned their energies into another channel. For instance, it can scarcely be doubted that the prodigious influence of the models of Greek poetry on the literary men of Rome had a depressing as well as an ennobling effect. Those models were, indeed, not only a standard of criticism, but in great measure also a fountain of inspiration. Yet they did much to cramp the invention of those who could not but despair of surpassing them. They strained and purified the fresh juice of the Saturnian grape till its wild native flavour was lost; they forced every man ambitious of literary fame, whatever his original gifts, to the construction, by a sort of rule, of slow-paced epics or frigid tragedies. A somewhat similar remark might be made upon the causes which have from time to time dwarfed the growth of poetry in France, but we prefer to illustrate our meaning by two cases comparatively familiar to all Englishmen. Byron is commonly considered, or, to speak more correctly, was commonly considered in his own time—for now-a-days, to our shame be it said, nobody seems to read him—the sovereign or apostle of the so-called romantic school of poetry. Yet the more one studies him, the more does Macaulay's view commend itself, that Byron's own predilections were really for a school the most directly opposed to the romantic—the school of Pope and his disciples. Place Byron beside men like Wordsworth or Shelley—men really imbued with that modern spirit of which romanticism was one of the expressions—and the difference is seen in a moment. His passion appears comparatively superficial; his imagination stimulated, we will not say by inferior, but at least by different, objects; his rhythmical forms wanting in variety; and his diction, rich no doubt, and eloquent, and pointed, yet great by the merits of rhetoric rather than of poetry. It was, we see, the overmastering influence of his time which made disordered feelings and wild adventures so often the theme of Byron's muse; her own bent was to description—vivid and epigrammatic description—sometimes of nature, but more frequently of man and society.

Not wholly dissimilar is the position of Mr. Robert Browning. Like Byron, his powers enable him to be brilliant, if not faultless, in all that he attempts; but his powers have not been most successful in what might seem their proper sphere. His peculiar and especial gift is the faculty of close, keen, almost cruel, observation of character. Better than any other English writer of this century or the last, he has shown how the shifting hues of feeling are at one time kindled into lustre by a sort of intellectual rapture, at another glow with the dull fierce heat of animal passion; how the intellect is wont to work half consciously upon itself; how external things and situations affect men at critical moments, and make them half the slaves of chance. These, it may be thought, are exactly the qualities of a great dramatist, and so in large measure they are. Yet Mr. Browning's dramas, though full of power, are not the most striking or the most popular of his works, and the fact that he has of late years ceased to write dramas seems to show that he feels this to be the case. We cannot but think that the cause lies less in himself than in his contemporaries. The present age, from whatever cause, is not a drama-producing or a drama-loving age, and its tendency to find poetical expression in fitful and irregular poems, in pieces half-lyrical half-descriptive, such as are almost all the poems of any merit which the last forty years have had to show, is strong enough to overcome even the unmistakable bent of one of its greatest minds.

These remarks have been suggested to us by the novel whose name stands at the beginning of this article. It is, we will not say a sensation story, but a story far more sensational than we should have expected from its authoress—so much more so that we cannot but think that the prevailing passion for excitement has been too strong for her own tastes and powers, and has led her into a field in which she is nowise specially fitted to excel. In former works she has shown herself most at home in minute descriptions of states of feeling; in sketches of quiet home life, and of characters rarely deviating widely from the common type; in the manufacture of an interesting narrative out of many trifling incidents, not positively tame, yet very far from startling. In the last of these respects, she sometimes reminds us of Miss Austen, as in the first of them of Miss Brontë, although we do not mean to compare her in delicacy of touch with the one, or in fervour of imagination with the other. Of both characteristics there is enough in her present work to recall the merits of its predecessors, but along with these familiar traits we cannot but find traces of an endeavour such as Miss Kavanagh has seldom made before, to excite interest by surprising reverses of fortune, and even by suggestions of violence and crime.

Now, there are two ways in which a story which trusts to excitement for its success may be written. We assume that it cannot have the highest merit of being perfectly faithful to nature; for although every newspaper is full of events as startling as any which Miss Braddon relates, they do not all happen to the same people, they do not fit into any single drama, they are but few among the numberless pettinesses and commonplaces of each single life. The "sensation" novelist has therefore always a *prima*

facie instinct of disbelief and dissatisfaction on the part of the reader to overcome. He may overcome it by sheer vividness of conception and corresponding energy of style, individualizing each character so forcibly, and realizing the situation in so lively a manner, that improbabilities are altogether forgotten. Or, without attempting so high and difficult a task, he may devote his ingenuity to the construction of a skillful plot, which a reader will admire as a work of art, and be interested in solving, as the algebraist is interested by a difficult equation. It is by this sort of cleverness that Mr. Collins, without any other claim to be considered an artist, has won his popularity; but it is a walk into which we need not wish many others to follow him. In neither the one nor the other of these two ways, if we may venture to judge from the book before us, does Miss Kavanagh seem destined to shine. She is too good for the latter, and not good enough for the former. Without giving an analysis of her plot—a practice, as we think, which bears rather hardly on a novelist, since it destroys what is to many readers the chief source of interest in a tale—we may indicate its general purport and character. It narrates the long struggle of a simple, natural girl, of strong but undisciplined character, against the wiles of a hypocritical scoundrel who has been appointed her guardian by her undiscerning father. Finding that she is on the point of becoming heiress to a large property, he manages in the nick of time to marry her feeble and timid mother. In this double capacity of guardian and stepfather, he is completely master of the situation until the heroine comes of age, and even afterwards he is able at any time to coerce her, by threatening to carry off and ill-treat the mother, whom Beatrice loves all the more because she is helpless. When, after her mother's death, she declares open war, he disputes the will under which the estate came to her, and manages to have her turned out in favour of the next heir, a girl to whom he has married his younger son. Even after this victory, his unrelenting hatred pursues her and his elder son, who, after supporting her throughout, has now married her, and the strife only ceases by a sudden and terrible catastrophe, which punishes guilt and satisfies the demands of poetical justice. There is abundance of incident in the story, numberless alternations of fortune, love-making of every kind, plotting and counterplotting by both parties. Nor is crime wanting, for the use of poison by Mr. Gervoise (the villain) against Beatrice's friends is more than hinted at, and there are several deaths so alarmingly sudden as to suggest to the reader, if not to the coroner's jury, the possibility of foul play. The only blemish in an otherwise animated narrative is that terrible suspicion—familiar indeed to the habitual novel-reader, yet not less fatal to his enjoyment whenever it obtrudes itself—that the complications of the position, and especially the misunderstandings of the lovers, are kept up only to lengthen out the story. There are, of course, such things as cross-purposes in real life; there are people whom want of perception, or an extravagant humility, leads to do just the reverse of what they ought to do to promote their own happiness; and a novelist who knows how to use, without abusing, such situations and characters may find that they admit of being handled with the best effect. On the other hand, there is no practice so frequently overdone, and which, when overdone, leaves so disagreeable an impression. We doubt if, in the works of Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and George Eliot, who may be taken as the three types of very different, though each in its way admirable, classes, any serious offence of this kind can be pointed out. But it is a fault to which Miss Kavanagh, from the subtlety of her own mind and her pleasure in imagining somewhat unnatural states of feeling, is at all times prone; and in this instance she has transgressed further than usual.

All things considered, the characters please us better than the plot. Many of them are very cleverly conceived, and described with that minute skill which Miss Kavanagh never wants. The heroine herself is drawn boldly and well; her traits are not conventional, and the effect of isolation and injustice upon a naturally amiable heart is given with much truth and penetration. In her anxiety, however, to be strong, the authoress has more than once forgotten to be consistent; showing Beatrice more ferocious on some occasions, more tender on others, than comports with the strength of the opposite qualities in her mind. The defect in the character of the hero is precisely the opposite of this; he is so correct and well-regulated as to sink into a sort of wooden uniformity. Great pains have evidently been taken with the villain, yet we cannot profess ourselves satisfied with the result. He is at the same time rather unnatural and rather commonplace; his callousness, and cunning, and hypocritical smoothness of manner are described in exaggerated terms, but we get little idea as to the man himself, except to perceive a certain likeness—although clearly not an intentional one—between him and Count Fosco. Fosco was, indeed, also a made-up character, a bundle of qualities rather than a man. But then he was a very cleverly-arranged bundle, and the notion of uniting unaffected *bonhomie* of manner to a ruthless heart was a really ingenious and almost original one, not undeserving of the success it obtained.

Miss Kavanagh's style is fluent and agreeable, occasionally perhaps negligent, yet never wanting in clearness and ease. There are, however, tendencies to mannerism in this book which an authoress who writes so much would do well to correct, since such faults, if not weeded out, are sure to go on increasing in every successive work. Among these we must mention two as more particularly disagreeable. The one is a disposition to repeat over and over again the same, or closely similar, descriptions and reflections,

good in themselves, and very pleasant the first time they occur, but growing tamer and weaker at every repetition, until at last we find them little better than twaddle. The other is a habit of apostrophizing the personages of the tale, and especially the heroine, at critical moments of their fate. Just in the middle of some really effective scene, when we expect eagerly the next word or act, Miss Kavanagh begins in this wise—"Now, Beatrice, be firm, all is at stake, &c." She is ignorant, apparently, that by thus interrupting the narrative, by calling away the attention of the reader from her personages to herself—in fine, by trying to force and heighten a sort of excitement which ought to come naturally if it comes at all—she is doing her best to destroy whatever illusion her dramatic skill may have been able to create. Of all the tricks by which weak poets and unskilful novelists try to supply the lack of true power, this is the feeblest and the most frigid. The authoress of *Beatrice* ought to be above it.

We are perhaps rather harder upon Miss Kavanagh than we should be if we did not really value many of the former productions of her pen. It is the penalty of merit—a penalty better than many rewards—to be judged harshly, and required not to fall below a standard once set up. One would not think, for instance, of blaming Mrs. Wood—although she, too, was once capable of better things—for the faults which we have just been noting in the book before us. And, to a generation which devours novel after novel from the prolific pen of mere triviality-mongers like the authoress of *Onward Cray*, anything that bears Miss Kavanagh's name may be safely recommended as, at any rate, a change for the better.

THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY.*

M. MICHELET appears, in his own eyes at least, to have been called to the lofty mission of changing all the waste places of human knowledge into a flowery paradise. He cannot suffer us to go on with the poor, limited, prosaic views of things human and divine in which we have thus far been contented to live. And to the generous spirit which prompts him thus to open our eyes and enlarge our horizon, he unquestionably adds a teeming fancy and a fund of self-assurance which might render the task an easy and an agreeable one. But, unfortunately for those who have not that taste for his imaginative fare which possibly makes it go down with refined and educated readers of both sexes in his own country, there is in most of his writings that which too much strains the sense and glares upon the eye to make them satisfactory to an English understanding, while there is too prevalent a prurience of fancy to make them pleasing objects to be laid upon our drawing-room tables. Whether he discourses of human physiology and the mental and physical peculiarities of the sexes, or of the lighter themes of love, or of the natural history of birds and insects, there is always an under-current of ideas which suggests the thought of something unpleasant about the fountain from whence it springs. The Eden of his fancy is not that of pure and naked unconsciousness of evil. There is the taint of communion with fallen and corrupt creation. The trail of the serpent is over all the flowers of his paradise. There is a trace of slime upon every green leaf. He has lately wound his way to the topmost bough of the tree of knowledge, and his survey of the past and present religions of mankind ends in his propounding for our veneration a volume of superior light and breadth and sanctity to that which has for centuries fostered and satisfied the religious aspirations of the most enlightened portion of humanity. Religion, he tells us, has been too much a thing of sects or national castes, and the voice of the Spirit has been sought in the utterances of too restricted a section of the oracles of inspiration. Himself absolutely liberal and eclectic, he prefers to gather up into one the voices which have issued, at any time and at all times, from the human heart, as the exponent of a want, or as the evidence of a truth that fills it. And the vague and dreamy product of this discursive dipping into history and mythology he dignifies with a title as grandiose and sounding as the programme of inquiry from which it is to spring—*Bible de l'Humanité*.

The new *Bible* or sacred record of humanity is thus, with M. Michelet, the living speech or utterance of the heart of man through all ages, the multitudinous echoes of thought, feeling, and aspiration borne upon the stream of time, and carried on by the principle of undying force. Above sects, above national and constitutional differences, this great voice of nature has in it nothing conflicting, nothing negative, nothing fleeting or ephemeral. The eternal warp of the living Word is but crossed by the varying woof of successive ages and races of mankind. It has come down to us from the hands of our first fathers. It is the tissue spun from their brain and heart. We ourselves carry on the product, however little conscious of it, and our soul and life, our thoughts, tears, joys, and aspirations, are woven up in its folds. Thus humanity is for ever storing up its soul in a common book or Bible. Each great people inscribes in it its chapter. These chapters are clear enough, though different in form—freely written, here in grand poems, here in historic records, there in pyramids, there in statues. Now a Deity, now a city, tells far more than any book, and without articulate phrase expresses the very soul of an entire race. Hercules forms one such chapter, Athens another, as much as—nay more than—the *Iliad*; and the lofty genius of Greece exists entire in Pallas Athene. It is precisely the inmost depths of thought and sentiment that fail to find

articulate or written expression, just as a man is little heedful of the life he lives or the atmosphere he breathes. *Qui s'avise de dire, Mon cœur a battu aujourd'hui?* They were men of action, those heroes of old. Their deeds often speak more loudly and articulately than their voices. It is for us to decipher them, to trace their record, to embody in written form their life, their soul, their great and magnanimous heart, which will be the stay and the food of all ages to come.

In his treatment of this wide and imaginative theme, M. Michelet reminds us of Mr. Emerson discoursing of the "Oversoul." Happy age, he exclaims, which has seen the union of the finite with the infinite! By the electric thread it has awoken the soul of the earth, given it a voice, almost a personality, making the most distant places one, bringing the entire globe within the sense of a single consciousness. By the thread of history it gives to the world a sense of the past, a feeling of continuous identity, and a solemn joy at knowing that its life and breath have been ever one. "It is only now," says the author, contemptuous in his bearing towards the past, "that this discovery has become possible. Yesterday we had not the means. Science, languages, travels, discoveries of all kinds have burst upon us at once. Of a sudden the impossible has become easy. We have been able to pierce the abyss of space and time, to reach stars beyond stars, heavens beyond heavens. On the other hand, going backwards from age to age, we have opened up the vast antiquity of Egypt with her dynasties, India with her gods and her successively superimposed innumerable tongues." And, so far from meeting with discordance among these multitudinous results, he finds, on the contrary, a great and growing harmony between each and all. The stars whose constituent elements are made known to us by spectral analysis show no difference from our own earth. The historic ages to which the analysis of language or the discovery of early relics has carried us back differ little from modern times, in what concerns moral matters at least. For the feelings and affections of the heart, for the elementary ideas of labour, of laws, rights, and justice in general, the highest antiquity and ourselves are one. The primitive India of the Vedas, the Iran of the Zendavesta, which may be termed the dawn of the world, in the strong, yet simple and touching, types which they have left us of family life and native labour, approach much nearer ourselves than does the barren asceticism of the middle ages.

In this complacent strain M. Michelet's volume treats in succession of the various chapters contributed to the common Bible of Humanity by the leading races of antiquity. It opens in the meridian sunshine of our forefathers, those children of light, the Aryan race—Indians, Persians, and Greeks—of which the Romans, Celts, and Germans are to be regarded as inferior branches. Studious, above all things, of simplicity, he claims to have discarded in this preliminary essay all that is not of the clearest and most demonstrable kind. The early traces of savage life, its eccentric phase such as we see in China and Japan, the primordial period which has left us but a few rude implements of doubtful date, are in consequence passed over. So likewise is that element of high spiritual abstraction which never obtained much influence among the common people. Too much is made, he considers, of the influence held by philosophers even amongst the enlightened races. Their books, in Greece itself, were but little read. "Très-justement Aristote se moque de ce sot d'Alexandre qui se plaint de ce que la Métaphysique est publiée!" That work remained as if unpublished, and was for a long time forgotten. The chief point of genius with the Aryan race lay in their having given birth to the original types of things most essential and vital to humanity. The India of the Vedic books presents to M. Michelet's view a domestic picture of "purity, dignity, and sweetness" which he is fortunate in never having been called upon to verify by a residence among living Hindoos. From Persia we get the lesson of heroic labour, with a grandeur, a force, a power to create and mould, which our own age, powerful as it is, may properly envy. Greece, again, besides her incomparable art, had the greatest of all arts, that of turning out men. Homer, Æschylus, the grand heroic myths, are full of youthful manhood, the springtime of the world's life, the young blossom and green shoot of humanity. To this "trinity of light" the author's imagination opposes the more stern and sombre genius of the South, embodied in Memphis, in Carthage and Tyre, and in Palestine. Egypt in her monuments, Judea in her sacred books, have contributed their parts to the general Bible, vast, shadowy, and profound. The beauty of the former is that of day—that of the latter, of the night. The Aryan, a child of light, laid bare and revelled in the springs of life. The sons of Ham and Shem penetrated and absorbed themselves in the chambers of death. Each race has inscribed its chapter or book in the universal Bible, and the world is invited to study and profit by the mingled wisdom which flows from these multitudinous sources:—

Jérusalem ne peut rester, comme aux anciennes cartes, just au point du milieu—immense entre l'Europe imperceptible et la petite Asie, effaçant tout le genre humain.

L'humanité ne peut s'asseoir à tout jamais dans ce paysage de cendres, à admirer les arbres "qui ont pu y être antérieurs." Elle ne peut rester semblable au chameau altéré que, sur un soir de marche, on amène au torrent à sec. "Bois, chameau, ce fut un torrent... Si tu veux une mer, tout près est la mer Morte, la pâture de ses bords, le sel et le saillon."

Revenant des ombres immenses de l'Inde et du Râmayana, revenant de l'Arbre de vie, où l'Avasta, le Shah Nameh, me donnaient quatre fleuves, les eaux du Paradis—ici, j'avoue, j'ai soif. J'apprécie le désert, j'apprécie Nazareth, les petits lacs de Galilée. Mais franchement, j'ai soif... Je les boirais d'un coup.

Laissez plutôt, laissez que l'humanité libre en sa grandeur aille partout.

* *Bible de l'Humanité*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot. 1864.

Qu'elle boive où burent ses premiers pères. Avec ses énormes travaux, sa tâche étendue en tous sens, ses besoins de Titan, il lui faut beaucoup d'air, beaucoup d'eau et beaucoup de ciel—non, le ciel tout entier!—l'espace et la lumière, l'infini d'horizons—la Terre pour Terre promise, et le monde pour Jérusalem.

The year 1863 will ever remain dear and blessed with M. Michelet. It was that year in which he was first enabled to read the greatest sacred poem of India, the divine "Rāmāyana." Weary of work, sick of modern conventionality, it was with infinite refreshment that he found his mind capable of reverting for breath, for freedom, to the cradle of our race, to the sacred uplands from whence flow down on the one side the Indus and the Ganges, on the other the torrents of Persia and the rivers of Paradise. In the West all is narrow. Greece is small, and he feels suffocated there. The dryness of Judea makes him pant for breath. It is to the vast tracts of Upper Asia, the illimitable East, that he turns for relief, for liberty. For three or four thousand years (for a few ciphers more or less count for nothing in flights of fancy such as these), the same mighty poem has formed the chant of millions of mild-eyed, meditative, pastoral people. Through every line pierces a ray of "Penetrative Goodness," the equivalent of the name of *Vishnu*. A harmony, like the murmur of the Ganges, of love, brotherhood, and clemency, a holiness feminine in its tenderness, breathes through its pages—*J'ai trouvé ce que je cherchais, la Bible de la Bonté.*

Side by side with the resuscitation of the ancient literature of Asia, has sprung up, in our time, the appreciation of the truth and beauty of Oriental art. Another chapter in the great book of humanity belongs to the revelation of those instincts and ideas which sprang up under the warm glow and genial atmosphere of the East. Nature made the first Oriental a colourist, while giving him no less the instinct of form. Through the soft and changeful tints of sunrise and sunset heaven spoke to his soul, inviting it to be absorbed in the boundless ocean of love, in the bosom of *Mitra*, the mysterious "Friend" of the *Rig-Véda*. And through the external face of nature the Asiatic pierces to her inmost soul. Universal being speaks to him of a something more than meets the eye. The tree becomes more than a tree, the plant more than a plant. Each is felt to be part and parcel of a divine substance, and to be suffused by a divine spirit. Above all, the brute is more than a brute. He also has a soul, and has been, or will be, a man. By the great doctrine of the transmigration of souls India has opened redemption to a whole despised and suffering race. The humble wild animal is elevated to rank next to the castes of men. Such was the merciful triumph of India, of *Rāma*, and the *Rāmāyana*. Thence came the great impulse towards the domestication, the *humanization*, of those lowly servitors without whose aid man could scarcely have lived, and could certainly never have attained those prodigies which he has accomplished in progress. Agni, the fire-deity, is equally he who sanctifies and ennobles the hearth—the family altar. The sacred hymns attest the birth of this greatest blessing of the heavens. "The celestial spark, drawn forth by friction from the dry wood of its mother the plant, is fed with religious care, fanned by the breath of the worshipper, nursed like an infant upon milk and clarified butter, strengthened by offerings of sugar and sweet cake, together with the liquid sacrifice of *Soma*, the wine of Asia." The god leaps up, sparkles, illuminates, and warms the house, a type of domestic love, of marriage and unity, the first burst of family prayer and worship:—

"Le mortel a fait l'immortel... Nous engendrâmes Agni... Les dix frères (les dix doigts), entremêlés dans la prière, ont inauguré sa naissance, l'ont proclamé notre enfant mâle."

It is not difficult to conceive how, in this spirit, the graceful myths and traditions of Greece are appropriated and modernized by a writer so playfully romantic and spiritual as M. Michelet. Among the most ingenious chapters of his book are those in which he develops the hidden meaning which inspired those creations of a religious fancy the most subtle and intricate that the world has ever seen. Following, with tolerable fidelity and acumen, the track of recent philological and critical research, he has aimed at clothing the results of investigation in a dress more picturesque and ornate than would be becoming in a work of strict scholarship or divinity. There is no use in subjecting a creation of fancy like the present to the tests of severe criticism. The freedom and novelty with which the author deals with all existing systems of theology, together with his rhetorical and high-flown style when descending on what is instinctively treated amongst ourselves in a severe and bated tone, are not calculated to commend his work so well to an English as to a French circle of readers. It is happily far too vague and unpractical to raise any misgiving here as to its entering into rivalry with that Book for which he seems to have had the floating idea of proposing it as a substitute.

QUACKS AND QUACKERY.*

THE recent trial and conviction of the fellow calling himself Dr. Henery has, and very properly, compelled public attention to one of the very worst of our social evils. The subject is a most disgusting and offensive one; but as we have hardly arrived at that last stage of national or moral decrepitude in which, as in old Rome, people can endure neither the vices of the times nor their remedies, we make no apology for venturing again on quacks and

quackery. Besides, we have, in the very able and, in more senses than one, exhaustive publication of certain letters signed "Detector," and published in the *Medical Circular*, a proof that something can be done to arrest the career of the impostors and extortioners whose existence and depredations on the public are not only a disgrace to society, but a reproach to our laws, or, at any rate, to our law-makers. "Detector" is a medical practitioner, and he says, very reasonably, that interested motives might be assigned for his speaking out. But he appeals to others to whom no such personal reasons could be objected. He asks the clergy to help him in what he calls the "*guerre à l'outrance* against the whole tribe of obscene quacks." But sermons on dirty advertisements and the medical museums can hardly be expected; and a morning call and pastoral visits on the stupid folly of buying "Silent Friends," and consulting the scoundrels whose calling is proclaimed in too many of the London papers, are not likely to be numerous. So that on the press falls the unpleasant labour of denouncing this rampant evil. We are content to accept our share in what we believe to be a good work. Sir George Grey, and the like of Sir George Grey, and even the better sort of Parliament men will not move—perhaps cannot be expected to move—unless backed, or rather urged, by the stress of public opinion. The duty, therefore, of exposing quacks rests somewhere; and as it is part of the burden which falls upon those who undertake the office of public instructors to have unpleasant things to say, our readers must pardon us for taking up their attention with a subject the importance of which none but fools, or worse than fools, can underrate. The facts of the case must be forced upon people before public opinion can compel a remedy.

The most practical mode of estimating the extent of the evil is by reckoning it at a money value. Much to their discredit, several of the London newspapers insert the advertisements of such people as Dr. Henery, and, availing themselves of the late outcry against this traffic, they have—done what? Answered the public exclamation of disgust against their pandering to evil? Have they suppressed these dirty advertisements? By no means; "they have in some instances increased their charges for this class of advertisements some three or four hundred per cent." Of course, as we shall be told, they have done this with a view of suppressing them; that is, by making sin costly, they effect to discountenance it. But the quacks advertise just as freely as before, and the only result is that the proprietors of a single journal "pocket, according to the new rate of charges, and the number of advertisements now being daily inserted, between three and four thousand pounds per annum." To be sure, these newspapers compound for the sin by writing sensational leaders against quacks, which is rather unfair upon these profitable customers. Sambo himself preferred floggee to preachee, and it is rather hard upon the vendors of "sealed books" to be both fleeced and preached at by a London newspaper. "Detector" has been at the trouble of noting the number of advertisements inserted by one firm of quacks alone in one London newspaper, "which has converted the recent outcry into a source of profit," and he finds that in six consecutive days these fellows have inserted, and of course paid for, forty-six advertisements. That is to say, according to the new scale of prohibitory charges, "one newspaper pockets from one firm of a family of quacks 2,890*l.* per annum." Let anybody, taking this basis of calculation, multiply the payments made by one firm to one newspaper, and the conclusion is inevitable that a single London newspaper may easily, or perhaps in this instance must, make at least 10,000*l.* a year by obscene advertisements. Further, we find that one firm of these quacks—comprising, according to "Detector," three establishments—must also spend as much as 10,000*l.* a year, and most likely very much more, on the advertisements which they insert, not in our London papers alone, but in many others—metropolitan, provincial, and colonial. Add to this the cost of paper, and of printing their filthy books and handbills, and distributing them by post gratuitously—"Colonel"—informed me that all the officers at Aldershot were annoyed by this class of books being sent to them—and we shall get at an approximate estimate of the profits of a trade which can afford to spend so much in advertising. Any ordinary tradesman would reckon his annual trade profits at at least twice his expenditure on advertising. We can therefore show, by "Detector's" help, that the cost of advertisements and gratuitous copies of their publications and posting-bills, to one of these tradesmen in vice and extortion, must reach to 12,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* a year, from which it follows that the profits of one of these establishments must approach to 30,000*l.* a year. Compare this return with the very best medical practice in London, and verily we are a wise and understanding people to allow this sort of thing to go on. But we are not left to approximate calculations, or to conjectural though most probable statistics, as to the profits of these traders on the follies of the credulous. Here are some of "Detector's" facts. At p. 30 we find the case of a young man, who had nothing on earth the matter with him, but had frightened himself to death by reading one of these pernicious books, paying, in a gross sum, 2*2s.* and giving acceptances for 28*sd.* more. At p. 33, another victim, "after paying eighty guineas, was informed that his case required for its cure 'a preparation of gold' so enormously expensive that it could not be prepared unless the patient paid down a thousand guineas." At p. 34 we find a still more remarkable and nefarious transaction, which was in part defeated by the interposition of the late Sir R. Brodie. A young gentleman, "not labouring under any disease requiring medical treatment," consulted one of these London quacks, "his attention being attracted by an advertisement in one of the London newspapers of a book called 'On the Philosophy of Marriage.'" A cure

* *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery.* By "Detector." Reprinted from the "Medical Circular." London: Medical Circular Office, 20 King William Street, Strand.

was undertaken for 300*l.*, and the dupe gave stamped securities for the payment of this 300*l.* in three years. Subsequently, other securities were given for the payment of 500*l.* more; and when these bills came to maturity, and the acceptor was unable to meet them, the poor wretched young man agreed to pay 1,250*l.*, by instalments of 100*l.* a year for the first five years, and 150*l.* a year for the next five years. Besides incurring liability for this enormous sum, the victim, "who, when he consulted the quack, was not really ill," actually paid as much as 765*l.* in the way of instalments and renewal of bills, and was only released from his engagements for the 1,250*l.* additional by a suit in Chancery, in the progress of which Sir B. Brodie made an affidavit to the facts of the case. By this application to Chancery the quack was compelled to compromise the matter by repaying 400*l.* out of the 765*l.* which he had received, and by giving up all claims to the further sum of 1,250*l.* The result is, that in an unsuccessful instance of extortion—and, moreover, in one of those rarest of cases in which the patient applied, and successfully, to the law to extricate him from the complicated meshes in which he had involved himself—the quack contrived to get 365*l.* for a single "case." "Detector's" next instance—we forbear from the tedious and monstrous details—is "another case in which proceedings in Chancery were instituted against a notorious firm for the recovery of 600*l.* in money, and bills for 2,000*l.*, obtained by them from a credulous young man," and from Yorkshire too. This case bears date 1850, and "Detector" says, "I have now before me an official copy of the bill in Chancery," and it is some satisfaction to know that the eminent practitioners proceeded against were compelled to disgorge every farthing of the fees and securities obtained from the young gentleman from the country. From the known, we may in this instance with tolerable certainty infer the unknown; and with these facts before us we think it certain that the estimated profit of 30,000*l.* a year for a single firm is probably much within the mark.

"Detector," however, does not content himself with this indirect proof of the extent of the evil occasioned by advertising quacks. After remarking that "reptiles cannot be destroyed by sprinkling them with rose-water," and that "mere initial denunciations, and mysterious hesitating references to so-called Dr. This or That, residing near such a street or square," will not be enough, "Detector" hunts his quacks down singly, and denounces by name and residence, in alphabetical order, all the gentlemen whose advertisements are to be seen in the newspapers. He gives the names and *aliases*, and occasionally the biographies, of no less than thirteen of these advertising practitioners in London alone, whose names and qualifications are not to be found in the authorized Medical List, or on the registers of the Medical Council. He shows, as Henery's case indeed showed, how the quacks practise under false or assumed names; or how the same fellow reproduces himself as Messrs. H. of one place, and Dr. H. P. of another; or how, like Cerberus, three single gentlemen are rolled into one, and preside, under various *aliases*, over various Institutes and Colleges in various parts of the town. We are not disposed to follow "Detector's" example, or to extract his minute and careful revelations; partly because we do not choose to furnish the quacks with an advertisement, and partly because those curious in such matters may read the names of these fellows in the advertising pages of too many of our contemporaries, and partly because "Detector's" narrative is too good to be abridged, and ought to be, as we believe that it is, largely circulated, which is no less than it deserves both for its fearless tone and for the care and research which have been bestowed on its compilation.

We ought to state that extortion of money is not the worst evil for which the quacks are responsible. Since Henery's conviction, we find the records of two suicides which are proved to have originated in morbid fears occasioned by the publications which "Detector" denounces. One was the case of Corporal Ashford, of the Coldstream Guards, at the inquest on whose body, held March the 17th, it was found that he had purchased the "Warning Voice," and after consulting its authors, or circulators, blew his brains out. The other was that of a man named Miles, a foreman on some works at Gravesend, who destroyed himself in January. On the inquest it was proved that he had been in the habit of reading "works on Secret Diseases," and in their verdict the foreman intimated that the jury "considered deceased's insanity to have been brought about by the perusal of certain pamphlets issued by, and letters received from, Dr. De Roos of Tavistock Square."

But it is superfluous to enlarge on the extent of the evil. Thanks to too many of our public instructors, it meets us in the daily newspapers. It flaunts itself in the most crowded thoroughfares in the shape of Priapeian Museums and Public Lectures, which are only advertisements for the private establishments of the quacks who are their proprietors. It thrusts bills and invitations into the hands of passengers in the public streets. It proclaims itself on every wall and lamp-post. It ruins foolish young men by the thousand, ruins them in body, soul, and purse; it destroys the peace of families; and it inflicts tortures worse than death—racking fears, mental anxiety, ghastly horrors of unknown and coming evils, poverty, insanity, suicide. And yet nothing is done, while the suppression of the evil is easy enough. We do not mean to say that the quacks can be prosecuted for selling or circulating obscene books, under Lord Campbell's Act. If their abominable wares were simply obscene, they would be much less injurious than they are. This is not their chief vice. What they do is to terrify those who read them with a frightful catalogue of imaginary maladies, ending in

the most direful consequences, illustrated by terrific pictures and plates of every conceivable and inconceivable result, the sole escape from which is by taking the invaluable specific of Dr. A., or B. C. and Co., who always advertise themselves as regular practitioners. This is the point at which the law ought to interfere, and at which the public is justified in demanding protection from the law. If, as we suppose must be the case, the present Medical Registration Act cannot punish or prevent these impostors, let its powers be enlarged. It is the veriest idleness and pusillanimity of legislation which declines to interfere in such a case out of pretended regard for the freedom of the subject. This wretched pretext has been rather overworked. And surely, if the public safety requires Parliament to interfere in the matter of selling poisons over the counter of an open shop, these secret marts of poison—physical, mental, and moral poison—ought to be dealt with. A single successful prosecution of a quack—not by one of his victims, but by authority—would extirpate the whole gang. And public opinion is nearly ripe for demanding, if it does not already loudly require, the interference of official authority.

PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE.—VOLUME III.

THE third epoch in *Passages of a Working Life* maintains the interest of its predecessors, but the interest is of a different kind from theirs. At the beginning of his career as publisher, author, and missionary of popular instruction, Alpe on Alps arose before Mr. Knight of ignorance, apathy, alarm, envy, and direct hostility. The upper classes, as a body, viewed him with suspicion as a leveller of degrees, priority, and place; the middle orders did not generally relish the prospect of reading cooks and writing footmen; and the people whom it was proposed to instruct did not discern in any branch of the proffered learning a chance of higher wages or better fare. Before the year 1844—the first date in the present *Passages*—these intrenchments of ignorance had been effectively breached, if not quite levelled. Cabinet Ministers were not ashamed of presiding over Mechanics' Institutes; bishops no longer scrupled to aid in the dissemination of matter more attractive than merely religious tracts. The enemies of public knowledge were in full retreat, and reduced to a feeble remnant, and the leaders of the movement were able to anticipate future conquests with sure and certain hopes.

Mr. Knight's zeal for the diffusion of new knowledge never lessened his veneration for the old learning. Herein he was practically wiser than one whom he truly revered, and who also, though he completed no one of his great designs, did nevertheless a full day's work in his generation. Coleridge predicted that the popularization of knowledge must end in its *plebification*. Mr. Knight, with clearer vision, saw that depth and diffusion of learning were consistent with one another, if not in the same minds, yet in the same age. Shilling volumes, and Shakespeare in penny numbers, cyclopedias that may be carried in the pocket, scientific treatises that weigh less than pamphlets, are coeval with the learned volumes of Hallam, Merivale, Macaulay, Grote, and the Bishop of St. David's. If the number of readers has been multiplied, the number of the learned has not diminished. For isolated Casaubons and Scaligers the nineteenth century has its rank and file of well-informed men and women. Even the sensation novel, which Mr. Knight stoutly condemns, is not worse—indeed in many respects it is better—than the sentimental and goody volumes that once infested circulating libraries. If literature has an abundant crop of weeds, it presents annually an abundant harvest of salutary herbs and flowers pleasant as any enumerated in *Gerarde's Herbal*, or *Parkinson's Paradise*. How Mr. Knight regards the armories of the days when scholars produced folios and laboured only for the few, appears in the following picturesque description of an ancient library:—

Five summers ago I was staying for a month at Langley in Buckinghamshire. I was told that the small building abutting on the church is a library. I found from a County History that Sir John Kederminster had "prepared and adjoined" a library to Langley Church, and there, by his will dated 1631, he provided for some additions to the existing books. I had no difficulty in obtaining admission to this library; for its guardian was a good-humoured dame, dwelling in an adjacent almshouse, who was seldom troubled with the visits of strangers resorting to the village, dignified in the will of the founder as a "town." I pass through the family pew of the lords of the manor of Langley, and find myself in a tolerably spacious room of a very singular character. Five presses, enclosed with panelled doors, line this room. The doors are painted, outside and inside, in various styles of ornamentation—escutcheons, trophies, small figures of apostles and prophets. The figures, in which we recognise the traditional forms which some of the great masters have handed down from the middle ages, are rather coarsely painted; but they are dashed in with a freedom that might not be unworthy of the hand of some minor Flemish or Italian artist who came to England, as Tempesta came, to paint landscapes and groups upon the wainscoting of great houses. It was a fashion of the day of Charles I. The effect of the coloured panels of this library is not out of character with the purpose of the room. The Great Eye, that looks upon all in heaven and earth, is here attempted to be represented. On the pupil of the eye we read *Deus videt*. Behind the ornamental doors stand, in their proper numerical order, long lines of folios ranged shelf over shelf—well preserved, clean. . . . I read the catalogue of the books, written on vellum, which hangs on the wall—"Catalogus Librorum Omnium in hac Bibliotheca.—April 1638." What curious volume shall I take down from its seldom-disturbed resting-place! Not one of the Greek or Latin classics is here. There is only one English secular writer. It is essentially a library for divinity scholars. Here is a large part of the armoury of the great controversialists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—plain names in this

* *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century.*—By Charles Knight. Vol. III. London: Bradbury & Evans.

catalogue, without any saintly prefix even to the greatest of the Fathers of the Church.

Milton wrote his *Il Penseroso*, *L'Allegro*, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, *Arcades* at Horton, within little more than two miles from this spot:—

From 1632, when Sir John Kederminster founded this library, to 1638, when that broad vellum catalogue was hung upon these walls, John Milton could walk over here through pleasant fields, and pass sweet solitary hours in this room.

Excellent, and worthy to be engraven on the frontlets and phylacteries of every one who aspires to write for public instruction—noteworthy, too, as showing how Mr. Knight combines reverence for the scholar with care for the general weal—is the following advice he gave to a young man who applied for literary employment without any qualifications for it:—

“Why you apply to me for advice I know not. You want to become in some way or other professionally connected with literature. You are obliged to spend your time in a warehouse. You want to write for a periodical, that you may be enabled to pursue your studies. My advice to you is to stick to your honest calling, for you evidently labour under some terrible mistake with regard to what you call ‘literature.’ If you would take the trouble to look in Johnson’s Dictionary, you would find ‘literature’ to be ‘learning, skill in letters;’ and therefore a professor of ‘literature’ must obtain ‘learning’ and ‘skill in letters’ by study, before he presumes to be a writer.”

It is to be hoped that the youth kept to the warehouse; the chances are, however, that he slighted this good counsel, and is now on the ‘staff of the *Morning and Evening Moon* of Little Pedlington. Mr. Cobden, who thinks it the Whole Duty of (young) Men to despise Thucydides and to study the newspapers, might learn wisdom from Charles Knight.

We endorse Mr. Knight’s opinion on the studies recommended and the books supplied to Mechanics’ Institutions:—

At Nottingham [he said, addressing the members] I declared my opinion that Mechanics’ Institutions originally started upon too utilitarian a principle. They started upon the principle of offering to every working-man the possible attainment of something very hard, very abstruse, and very difficult of attainment in perfection by the most educated, to be arrived at by a royal road to learning—the attendance upon a few lectures. I thought there had been too much discouragement shown in such institutions with regard to the social opportunities they afford of conversation, of amusement even, but, above all, of instruction and entertainment in the most beautiful of arts—music. Works of fiction have a direct tendency to carry forward the civilization of the country.

The founders of such institutions were laudably anxious to impart the rudiments of science to artisans who, while dealing with line and measure, plumb-line and lever, were ignorant of the first principles of geometry, or, dealing with dyes, colours, and drugs, were unacquainted with the alphabet of chemistry. They forgot, in their zeal, to cure one defect, that other faculties of the mind were uncared for and uncultivated by their lectures and classes. For the imagination of their members they made no provision; it was, for any nourishment offered to it, starved by the rules, or at least the practice, of the Societies. They forgot, or acted as if they had forgotten, that men whose attention has during work-hours been kept at full stretch, in play-hours require for the adjustment of the intellectual balance relaxation, or certainly change of pursuit. The error has, since Mr. Knight addressed the Nottingham operatives, been corrected, either in spite of the committees or with their assent. The literature of fiction bore down before it the barriers erected for the monopoly of science. The writings of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mr. Anthony Trollope were irresistible, and, without injury to a few severe and meditative readers, have exercised a wholesome influence on the mass, for whom science possessed as few attractions as sermons.

Mr. Knight’s pages are never more pleasant than when they describe his journeys at home or abroad. To an observing eye he adds a graphic pen, and one may say of him what Johnson said of Gray, that it could have been wished that “to travel and describe his travels” had occupied more of his leisure. His excursions were mostly prompted by some literary work or some social amendment. Even in his holidays he continued his war with ignorance. In 1844 he visited Germany with the object of hunting amongst the stores of the German booksellers for “Folk Lore,” to serve, when collected, as material for the series of the weekly volume. Ten years earlier he travelled at home examining British historical localities, and the fruits of his observation are garnered in his popular *History of England*, and in sundry slighter and more fugitive works. A sketch of his pilgrimage is given in the volume before us. Other journeys were of a more business-like character, and had for their object to open, or to celebrate the anniversary of, Mechanics’ Institutions or People’s Libraries. In November 1846 we find him in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, attending an Early-closing Association. In the next year he delivers the inaugural address of the Sheffield Athenæum, and pays a just and eloquent tribute to James Montgomery, who for more than thirty years was editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, and who, at the close of a career beginning with party persecution and ending with the universal applause of all parties, was able to say—“I wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilized society, wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness.” Ireland he visits in 1849, when “the green isle had begun to put on a smiling face” after the great famine of 1846 and 1847, yet while its gaunt traces were still written on the haggard faces and shrunken forms of its survivors. His companion was the late Douglas Jerrold, whose jokes, ten

years after he uttered them, were still remembered and repeated by the Killarney “boys” who rowed them on the Lakes. Beggars, it is needless to say, were plentiful as blackberries; but in 49 “even with them fun was gone.” And there was a yet more painful sight than national or professional mendicancy—“pallid girls, boys prematurely old, tall skeletons of men bending with inanition and not with years, mothers with unsmiling infants vainly stretching towards the fevered breast”—almost realizing Dante’s *Purgatorial Vision*:—

Negli occhi era ciascuna oscura e cava,
Pallida nella faccia, e tanto scema
Che dall’ossa la pelle s’informava.

In the latter moiety of “the third epoch,” Mr. Knight passes in review the writers who have rendered the present generation second to none in the annals of English literature. If this portion of his record is, on the whole, less interesting than what precedes it, it is principally because Mr. Knight himself is no longer the protagonist of his own scenes. His experiences, his adventures, his successes, his failures, the aspects of the past and the present, the grains of mustard-seed becoming stately trees—these are the proper objects of interest in his narrative. In these he combines—*Lucili ritu*—the records of his own life with the social and intellectual movements of the last sixty years:—

Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita Senis.

We shall therefore pass over his notices of the distinguished works and writers of the third epoch, and pass to the *Envoy*, a Chaucerian mode of saying a graceful farewell to the reader. Of this concluding chapter the good old times and the wisdom of our ancestors have much reason to complain, since it is little more than a survey of ameliorations in the English world. Much torpidity and more bigotry was there to boast of when George III. was king. Even as late as 1820, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* could remark without exaggeration, “that, with the solitary exception of water, there is not a single necessary consumed in the empire which is not, directly or indirectly, loaded with a most oppressive impost.” Steel-traps and spring-guns still guarded the limbs of biped and quadruped game, and maimed the trespasser, the *bipes implumis*—man. Many genuine, not crocodilian tears—for the man was sincere—did Chancellor Eldon shed over defunct penal laws and decreasing demand for hemp. Fever enjoyed a kind of free-warren in populous cities and in villages remote from cities. The notion that criminals might be reformed, or at least should have the chance and offer of reformation, was considered an almost criminal theory, or at least a dream whose proper habitation was Utopia or Weissnichtwo. To educate the people could have only one result—the dissolution of social order; to drain standing pools, to build cottages in which health and decency were cared for, was equivalent to denying that every man’s house was his castle, or that every man had a right to do as he liked with his own. The *Envoy*, to which we must refer our readers, presents a series of such hindrances to progress now happily removed, or at least effectively shaken.

We will conclude with an extract at once painful and agreeable to transcribe:—

In many worldly respects my own life has not been a “failure.” It was probably a blessing in disguise, that circumstances over which I had little control long ago taught me that it was not for me to make a fortune, or to indulge in the ostentation of ample means. I have been content with the “plain living” that the philosophic poet sets above a life “only drest for show.” If “high thinking” have not been altogether wanting, I owe this to a love of books, and perhaps not less to the companionship of educated and intelligent friends. I believe that I have made very few enemies. Within my own proper sphere I have had as much social enjoyment as is compatible with the belief that “the chief end of man” is duty, and not pleasure.

The fiftieth anniversary of my marriage has just passed. Half a century of congenial wedlock is a blessing accorded to few. It brought with it the further blessing of a family united in love—of a house where cheerful faces ever welcomed me. During forty years I had known no great sorrow. I had not been bereft of any one of those who were the joy of my manhood or the comfort of my age. A dark cloud has cast its solemn shadow over my Golden Bridal; but I feel that our griefs and the consolations which should come with them are for ourselves, and not for the outer world. Taken as a whole, my life has been a happy one.

POMPEII.*

NOT many years ago, a Yankee, fresh from a scamper to Naples, strode into Monaldini’s library at Rome, and with the full-flavoured Northern twang thus delivered himself:—“Wall! of all the unrepairod old places I ever did see, that Pompeii’s the very worst!” The listeners stared, and shrugged their shoulders, accounting the outburst to be merely a pregnant illustration of the genuine American mind, which could see in the mysterious city of the dead nothing more than an unappreciated “building privilege,” capable of indefinite improvement in the hands of a proprietor of enterprise and capital. Yet there was something more in it. Saul was among the prophets. In his barbarous way the Yankee testified to the force of that indescribable sensation of life in death which Pompeii, alone of all places in the world, produces in the mind. Italy, indeed, is throughout a land where the past lives again. It may not possess the strange fascination of the East. It has not its pyramids, its Karnak, or its Philæ, where the traveller looks up at the monuments of an extinguished civilization, only to feel how deep is the chasm that separates it from his own. Nor

* *Pompéi et les Pompéiens*. Par Marc Monnier. Paris: Hachette et C^o.

can it show any parallel to that still flourishing Arab life which has existed unbroken through all changes of religion and dynasty since a period when Europe was unknown to history. Italy, on the contrary, is the record of the stages by which our own present civilization has grown to be what it is at this very hour. Whatever we may owe to the East, the history of the infancy, youth, and manhood of the races that now govern the world still lives in the memorials that greet us at almost every step from the Alps to Sicily. Our religion, our language, our arts, our sciences may all, indeed, be more or less traced historically to an Oriental origin, but they came to be ours by a process of transplanting, rather than by a continuous growth in their original soil. Wherever the seeds of our modern life may have been gathered from the flowers that produced them, they owe their permanent fertility to influences with which the races whence they came have had little or nothing to do.

But, above every other European country, Italy is still the visible chronicle of the emergence and development of that European civilization which is slowly absorbing into itself the whole race of man. And, amongst all her wonderful cities, there is none that can be named in comparison with Pompeii, for its power to transport the mind to the actual existence of ages long gone by. Other places embody the ideas of the past, and the passions and energies of each succeeding generation, as a link in the chain which binds us moderns to the remotest antiquity. In its degree, too, doubtless Pompeii has its share, and that not an unimportant one, in thus furnishing "materials for history." But it is as a picture of the life of man, simply as life, that it stands alone. Its streets, its temples, its houses, stand before us as the very expression of life in death, or of death in life, or of living death, or of life dead, or whatever we may term it, for it is difficult to choose the best phrase for expressing the fulness of its tragic meaning. Nor is there need for exactly defining what is perhaps beyond the range of precise definition, but which is none the less keenly felt because it refuses to be put into written words. The power of Pompeii lies in this—that the daily life, the home life, the dull prosaic life that we are all living at this moment, is here actually before us, and yet that they who lived it have been dead for eighteen hundred years. In the ordinary monuments of the past, as we term them, we have that which men design to live after them. In Pompeii we are surrounded with the trivialities which constitute the hourly interest of our existence, and which, transitory as they are, are of the very essence of life, its occupations, its joys, and its sorrows, while it is actually passing on from day to day. This it is which makes the sights of Pompeii so inexpressibly touching, and awakens emotions which no other sights can create. It is, in fact, because they are trifles that their power is so great to move us. It is thus that they possess all that intensity of interest which coarser minds find in viewing the scene of a recent bloody tragedy, relieved of those elements of moral and physical horror which revolt persons of a higher nature. And it is scarcely too much to say that, the more trifling and commonplace was the original reality as an element of daily life, the more vividly it recalls the terrors of the catastrophe which thus turned an entire city into a tomb. What can be more utterly prosaic and unsuggestive than a baker's shop? Yet what more touching than the sight of a row of loaves preserved wholly uninjured for nearly eighteen centuries, standing as they were left by the baker's hand, prepared for those who were never to see them? This was the case in one of the more recently discovered shops, where a happy accident had so hermetically sealed the mouth of an oven that the falling ashes were effectually excluded, and the bread that was made on the 23rd of November, in the year 79, was preserved untouched, and ready for the chemical examination of the Professor de Luca.

M. Monnier's little book is an attempt to reproduce this life of the past which Pompeii so vividly recalls to the instructed imagination. In a few lines of introductory dialogue, which is supposed to take place in a bookseller's shop at Naples, he announces his aim, and specifies the defects of the more elaborate works of his predecessors. It is worth quoting complete:—

- A traveller, entering—"Have you any book on Pompeii?"
 Bookseller. "I have several. First of all, here is Bulwer Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*."
 Tr. "It is too romantic."
 B. "Here is the folio of Mazon."
 Tr. "It is too heavily written."
 B. "Here's the 'Corricolo' of Alexandre Dumas."
 Tr. "It is too trifling."
 B. "Here's the splendid work of Niccolini."
 Tr. "It's too dear."
 B. "Here's the 'Guide' of Commander d'Alée."
 Tr. "It's too dry."
 B. "You'll have nothing that's either dry, or romantic, or light, or heavy. What do you want then?"
 Tr. "A small, correct, and carefully done work, adapted to everybody's reading."
 B. "There's no such a thing. Besides, it is impossible to write such a book."
 The Author (aside). "Who knows?"

We are bound to say, and without hesitation, that M. Monnier has succeeded in his attempt. His book is full of information; it is sensible, and it is readable. His plan is to divide the whole mass of information which he himself and all previous writers have collected into a series of subjects, and to treat them as suggesting so many portions of the actual daily routine of Pompeian existence. Under the headings of the Forum, the Street, the Suburb, the Baths, the Private House, Art, the

Theatres, the Eruption, he has sketched just those kind of pictures which the general reader desires. To an Englishman the book is almost provoking, so few are the English writers who possess this happy art of arranging their knowledge, and of telling their story with a liveliness that never degenerates into the smartness of a second-rate magazine article. Where M. Monnier ventures on anything in the way of an exposition of his notions on art, politics, or religion, or social life, this same neatness of expression and clearness of idea never forsake him, and we enjoy the rare pleasure of being instructed without being bored. The concluding paragraph of the chapter on "Art" may be named as a special illustration of this agreeable philosophizing.

In other respects the most interesting portion of his book is his account of those recent discoveries whose tragic meaning has been so singularly intensified by the happy idea of Signor Fiorelli. About two years ago, in a small street, the workmen employed in the excavations discovered an empty space of an unusual form, in which were some skeletons. Before disturbing them they called Signor Fiorelli, who was fortunately at hand. A singularly happy thought struck him. He had the empty space filled with liquid plaster of Paris, and repeated the process in the case of some other openings which presented a similar appearance. As soon as the plaster was hardened, the surrounding ashes were carefully removed, and displayed the perfect casts of four human bodies. All four are now placed in the Museum, and a more singular and affecting sight is perhaps not to be seen in the whole world. The plaster was hardened around the ashes so perfectly in the shape of what may be termed the mould formed by the falling ashes round the living bodies, that the whole aspect of the dying frame is preserved, even to the minutest details, except that here and there the bones of the skeleton within are partially uncovered. M. Monnier contrasts them with Egyptian mummies, which are bare, black, and hideous, and arranged in an artificial posture for their burial, while in the exhumed Pompeians we see human beings in the very act of dying. One of them is the body of a woman, close to whom were found a large number of coins, two silver vases, some keys and some jewels, which she was carrying with her when the falling *scorie* arrested her flight. It is easy to trace her head-dress and the material of her clothing; and on one of her fingers are two silver rings. Her hands were so clasped in agony that the nails had pierced the flesh. With the exception of her legs, the whole body is swollen and contracted; it is plain that she strove violently in her dying struggle. Her attitude, says M. Monnier, is that of the last agony, and not that of death. Behind her lay another woman and a girl, evidently of humble rank. The elder of the two, possibly the mother, has an iron ring on one of her fingers. The signs of a dying struggle are evident, but the death seems to have been easier than in the case of the victim last described. Close to her lies the girl, almost a child in age. The details of her dress are preserved with a startling faithfulness. One can see the material and stitching of her frock, the unmended rents in her long sleeves, and the knots in her little shoes. She had drawn her dress over her head, to ward off the torrent of ashes, and falling headlong on her face had rested her head on one of her arms, and so died apparently without a struggle. The fourth body is that of a large and powerful man, who had sat down to die with his arms and legs straight and fixed. His dress is completely preserved; his trowsers are close, his sandals are laced to the feet, with nails in their soles. On one finger is an iron ring; his mouth is open, and shows that he had lost some of his teeth; his nose and cheeks are strongly marked; the eyes and the hair have disappeared, but the moustache remains. The whole sight is tragic to the last degree. After the lapse of eighteen centuries the terrible death seems to be enacting itself before us with all its appalling sufferings. We may add, what M. Monnier does not seem to be aware of, that stereoscopic views were taken of the bodies, and that we have seen them here in London. The minute details which the actual plaster casts present are of course less visible, even with all the reproducing powers of the stereoscope; but enough is to be discerned to suggest all the terrors of the dying moments.

We may end with a paragraph from M. Monnier's chapter on the Forum, in which he sketches forcibly, and in a thoroughly French tone and style, what he conceives to have been the very essence of the social and religious life of the people thus buried alive in their graves. Describing the singular building which has been named, possibly for want of a better title, the Pantheon, he says:—

In the shops attached to this palace, among all sorts of valuable objects, vases, lamps, statuettes, jewels, and a fine alabaster cup, were found five hundred and fifty small bottles, without reckoning the cups, and numerous glass vases, containing figs, grapes, chestnuts, and lentils; together with the seats and moulds employed by bakers and pastrycooks. Was the Pantheon then an inn, a hospice, where strangers were received under the protection of the gods? However it may be, the table and the altar, cookery and religion, elbowed each other in this strange palace. Our austerity revolts from it, and in our lighter moments we are amused by it; but the Catholics of the South are not astonished at it. Their devotion has preserved something of the ancient gaiety. For the plebeians of Naples, Christmas is a feast of cels, Easter a family merry-making; they devour *Zappole* to honour St. Joseph, and the greatest proof of affliction which they can offer to Jesus dying is not to eat meat. Under the sky of Italy, dogmas may change, but religion will always be the same—sensual, lively, passionate, intemperate, essentially and eternally heathen, adoring before all the woman, Venus or Mary, and the *lambino*, the mystic Cupid whom the poets call the first Love. Catholicism and Paganism, theories and mysteries—if there are two religions, they are that of the South and that of the North.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MATHIEU MARAIS, Barbier, and the Duke de Luynes have left us memoirs respecting the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. which are of the highest value, and which are full of revelations of the most extraordinary, though not generally of the most edifying, character. A fourth personage now completes the group—namely, Jean Buvat, *écritain à la Bibliothèque du Roi*. Buvat was a remarkable instance of the *sans façon* with which people high in social position formerly treated their subordinates. His destiny was to be bullied, cheated, and snubbed by all those with whom he had to do. Employed as copyist in the King's Library at Paris, he soon proved that his splendid handwriting was not the only merit he possessed. Dubois made use of him for the purpose of getting all the intelligence he could respecting the Cellamare conspiracy, and it is not too much to say that to Buvat both the Regent and his Prime Minister owed their safety. However, no notice was taken of the unfortunate *écritain's* application for a gratuity. The low state of the finances would have been an excellent apology if the French Government had carried out indiscriminately its plans of economy; but the extravagance of the Duke of Orleans and the effrontery of Madame de Prie justified Buvat in his complaints, and, after much petitioning, he obtained a small pension of 300 livres. The journal now before us was the result of hard-earned leisure, and the author fancied that the nature of the details it contained might perhaps induce the Prime Minister, Cardinal Fleury, to purchase the MS. In this hope, however, he also failed, and the work was merely deposited amongst the treasures of the *Bibliothèque Royale*, where it is still. Duclos made extensive use of it in drawing up his own *mémoires secrets*, but he thought proper to criticize it, at the same time, in the most unfair and unjustifiable manner. Against his verdict we can set the decision of MM. Levasseur (*Recherches historiques sur le système de Lavo*) and Michelet (*Histoire de France*), who bear witness repeatedly to the merits of Buvat. The *Journal de la Régence* may be described as the echo of the opinions entertained by the *petite bourgeoisie* respecting the events of the time; the author is credulous and timid, but he is not ignorant. The publication of his work supplies an important deficiency in the history of the Regency. Barbier's journal begins only with the year 1718, and Mathieu Marais does not really go further back than 1720; while Buvat's first entry bears date September 1, 1715. The present edition, complete in two volumes, has been printed with praiseworthy accuracy, and M. Campardon's annotations and *pièces justificatives* are extremely useful.

M. Hippolyte Flandrin may be considered, next to M. Ingres, the most illustrious representative of the modern French school of art; and, since the days of Lesueur religious painting had never been treated with such earnestness and vigour. Without in the least wishing to detract from his genius, we must say that Flandrin's moral character had a great influence upon his talents as an artist; and in this respect his biography is doubly interesting, both on account of the details it supplies as to the history of contemporary painting, and also from its being full of valuable lessons for all classes of readers. Viscount Delaborde has brought to the consideration of his subject true sympathy, besides a deep acquaintance with the fine arts. His biography, unaffectedly written, is followed by a selection from Flandrin's correspondence and other illustrative documents.

Under the title *Les Cosaques d'Autrefois* †, M. Mérimée has published two sketches, originally contributed to the *Journal des Savants*, and descriptive of two episodes in the history of Russia. Bogdan Chmielnicki, whose life and adventures are related first, was born towards the end of the sixteenth century, and held in 1646 the important post of Auditor-General to the army of Zaporogoe Cosaacks. This office constituted Chmielnicki the agent of his fellow-citizens in their transactions with the Polish Diet, and gave him extraordinary powers. He made use of his influence to maintain the freedom of the Cosaacks, who had for a long period been oppressed by their more powerful neighbours; and his talents, his courage, and his perseverance would have immortalized his name had he lived in a less obscure part of Europe than Poland was at that time. Stenka Razine is the other hero of the book. He belonged to the Don Cosaacks, flourished towards the end of the seventeenth century, and, having stirred up the Russian serfs to rebellion, played the same part amongst them as Spartacus did in ancient Italy. M. Mérimée's two chapters are founded upon the researches of native historians, and are peculiarly interesting from the comparatively scanty knowledge we have of the revolutions which mark the leading epochs in the annals of Eastern Europe.

M. Michelet, in relating the consequences of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had drawn public attention to a small volume printed in Holland more than a hundred years ago ‡, and purporting to be the memoirs of a Huguenot gentleman condemned to the galleys on account of his religion. It is this volume which M. Henry Paumier now presents to us, and as an authentic description of the *Grand Monarque's* tyranny it is particularly instructive. The registers of the galley slaves during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. are, remarks the editor, the most precious inheritance of French Protestantism; they are its title of

nobility; and if the sufferings of Jean Marteilhe should make us thankful for the freedom which we now enjoy, they ought also to preach to us a lesson of faithfulness and of self-sacrifice. Besides the interest which stamps Marteilhe's memoirs as relating to one of the victims of an atrocious persecution, they are also valuable on account of the details they give us respecting the penal system of France under the *ancien régime*. M. Morel-Fatio has contributed four spirited woodcuts to the volume.

Even the *Juvenilia* * of a man of genius have their importance, for they often give a clue to his psychological history, and explain the efforts he had to make before he reached the full maturity of his powers. In the case of Heinrich Heine, the first evidences of his talent came before the public very nearly like an unexpected revelation. It was known by some, and by all it was considered probable, that the humoristic productions which rendered him so justly celebrated must have succeeded to an earlier crop of writings, less perfect, perhaps, but scarcely less interesting. The question was, what had become of these works? When had they been published? Heine himself, some critics suppose, set little store by his early compositions, for he neglected to reprint them, and they seemed lost for posterity. It now appears, however, that such was not the case. As a matter of fact, the author of *Reisebilder* was constantly revising and correcting his earlier writings, and when death seized upon him, he was preparing a French translation of them for publication. We gladly welcome a volume which will assist us to judge more accurately one of the most distinguished representatives of modern German literature; and the excellent introduction prefixed by M. Saint-René Taillandier to Henri Heine's *Dramas et Fantaisies* will enable the reader to study these remarkable works more profitably. A German by birth, Heine was a Frenchman by his intellectual sympathies, and as such he is quite entitled to a place in a review of French literature.

It is rather curious to see how the "principles of '89" are judged by a foreigner, and we confess that we opened M. Torrès-Caicedo's volume with more than usual eagerness. Written from the Liberal point of view, this series of papers (for the book in question is a collection of political articles) embraces nearly every question which at the present day occupies the attention of society. The freedom of the press, the right of petition and of association, standing armies, the separation of Church and State—such are some of the topics discussed by M. Torrès-Caicedo. The volume is introduced by a long preface from the pen of M. Pradier-Fodéré, who shows, first, that the Constitution of 1852 recognises and guarantees the "principles of '89"; and next, that most of the laws which have been enacted in France under the Imperial *régime* are antagonistic to those principles. We may mention that M. Torrès-Caicedo is one of the most rising publicists of South America, and chief editor of the *Correo del Ultramar*, an extensively circulated newspaper in that part of the world.

The cares of public life will probably prevent M. Duruy from continuing and sending to the press the history of France upon which he has so long been engaged. In the meanwhile, he gives us in a separate volume † what was to have been the introduction to the work, and this comparatively short fragment makes us regret that the remainder should be withheld, at least for the present. M. Duruy begins by describing the geological formation of the French soil; he traces, step by step, the appearance of the different parts of the territory, and endeavours to bring before us the successive revolutions which have ended in producing France as we now see it. In the second and third parts of the volume we have to do, not with the past, but with the present. Sketches of the territory, with remarks on the climate, rivers, mountains, valleys, and natural boundaries, render the work an excellent contribution to physical geography.

Nil sub sole novi. Hegelianism, which we had been accustomed to consider as a new importation from Germany, belongs, it seems, really to France. § At all events, the views held by the Extreme Left (as it is called) of the Hegelian school were maintained a hundred years ago amongst our Gallican neighbours, with all the startling consequences which seem to us both so repulsive and so unreasonable. The abolition of property and of the family; the suppression of a personal God, replaced by an abstract "something" resulting from the conciliation of the identical with the non-identical; the everlasting *becoming*—pantheism, in one word—may be found not more developed in the German philosopher than in the curious work of Dom Deschamps, now for the first time brought to light and analysed. If there is any merit in priority in such a matter, our monk—for he was a monk—is entitled to it, and the little volume edited by M. Beausse with so much care, as a contribution to M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie*, will henceforth be deemed one of the most important additions to the history of metaphysics during the last century. The same collection has been enriched lately by the addition of a series of essays from the pen of M. Emile Saisset ||, whose work on scepticism we noticed in our last monthly *résumé*. Eight articles on various subjects of philosophy, and three academic addresses, compose this small duodecimo, and exhaust the remaining productions of an amiable and accomplished scholar.

* *Dramas et Fantaisies*. Par Henri Heine. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les Principes de 1789 en Amérique*. Par J. M. Torrès-Caicedo. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Introduction générale à l'Histoire de France*. Par Victor Duruy. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Antécédents de l'Hégélianisme dans la Philosophie Française*. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

|| *Critique et Histoire de la Philosophie*. *Fragments et Discours*. Par M. Emile Saisset. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

* *Journal de la Régence*, par Jean Buvat. Publiée par Emile Campardon. Paris: Plon.

† *Lettres et Pensées d'Hippolyte Flandrin*. Publiées par le Vicomte Henri Delaborde. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Les Cosaques d'Autrefois*. Par P. Mérimée. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux galères de France, pour cause de religion*. Paris: Lévy.

After having for a long time allowed the reminiscences of his travels* to remain in MS., sequestered from the view of the *profanum vulgus*, M. Gabryel at last opens his portfolio, and sends them to the printer. The Danube, the Nile, and the Jordan supply ample materials for one volume each, and the reader wanders with ease through the most remarkable localities connected with these three rivers, under the guidance of a cicerone who is somewhat loquacious, but always interesting. M. Gabryel, in a preface addressed to a fair friend, gives us some details as to his method and his tastes. He has, he says, carefully studied what other travellers had said respecting the places he describes, and then set himself to ascertain how far such accounts were correct. He unhesitatingly prefers the old system of locomotion to modern modes of travelling; the diligence seems to him infinitely superior to the railway carriage, and the ancient steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's have left upon his mind recollections which cannot be obliterated. M. Gabryel hopes that his *impressions de voyage* may be useful to amateur tourists; and we think his volumes may be recommended, both as travelling companions, and as excellent substitutes for actual observation of the places he describes.

Under the same category of books of travel we may mention a very good translation of Miss Eliza Rogers's well-known work on Palestine †, and M. Chassaing's experiences of lion-hunting. ‡ This last-named volume, which is full of the most startling incidents, made up in almost equal proportions of the tragic and the comic elements, is accompanied by a preface from a military friend of the author, who vouches for the perfect authenticity of every particular related. "Nothing for fancy, everything for truth," is the motto of M. Chassaing; and certainly it is well that we should know this, for it would be difficult to imagine how any man could manage to extricate himself from the terrible position delineated in the introductory woodcut. M. Chassaing, however, comes off victorious, and he is spared for the accomplishment of almost incredible exploits, such as that of killing fourteen lions in four successive nights. The natives of Algeria are not represented in very flattering colours. They are brave; but, on the other hand, ingratitude is their smallest fault; as liars and thieves they are quite unequalled. With the hope of inducing sportsmen to abandon reynard for the king of the animal creation, our author concludes his work with some practical advice which we recommend to those who have nerve enough to enjoy so perilous a pastime.

The second instalment of Messrs. Menault and Boillot's scientific year-book is now before us.§ It contains—1. A series of short notices of the principal publications issued during the year; 2. An excellent summary of the popular *conférences* or lectures given at the Sorbonne; and, 3. A report of the sittings held by the Académie des Sciences. The work is well written and full of valuable information, but we think that in productions of the kind brevity is indispensable, and a year-book should never extend beyond the limits of one volume.

M. Cayla propounds a startling dilemma.|| "In half a century hence the whole of Europe will be either Voltairean or enslaved by the Jesuits." We may perhaps be excused from believing that there is no *via media* between the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* and the constitutions of the Ignatian fraternity. At all events, we do not approve of the high-handed manner in which M. Cayla undertakes to deal with the religious orders; and his system of expropriation, although supposed to be enforced in the name of the law, is a monstrous piece of tyranny. But what can be expected from a writer who, deeply imbued with the most violent prejudices of the last century, considers the clergy a kind of superior police, and longs for the identification of Cæsarism and sacerdotal authority? M. Cayla's pamphlet will not probably much influence the Emperor in his settlement of the Roman question; but it is curious as a sign of the times, and as a proof that fanaticism is not monopolized by the upholders of the *ancien régime*.

Twenty years ago the traditions of the navy¶, in France as elsewhere, were totally different from what they are now. A man was born a sailor; instinct taught him that his normal position was on the quarterdeck, or amongst the complications of the sails and tackling, or aloft in the shrouds. In those days the seafaring man was, as such, a sort of hero, and found himself surrounded by a kind of respect in which admiration and affection entered for equal shares. But the progress of civilization has changed all that, and the stoker of a steam-boat is now a personage equal, if not superior, in importance to a vice-admiral. M. Jurien de la Gravière does not much like these innovations. He is a regular conservative, so far at least as maritime topics are concerned; yet he manages to adapt himself to the altered circumstances of the age, and, by way of relieving himself of his dissatisfaction, he gives us a few interesting pages of his autobiography. The *souvenirs d'un marin d'autrefois* are followed by a description of the island of Sardinia, and, finally, we have a series of short articles on various professional topics. M. Jurien de la Gravière is one of the *collaborateurs*

* *Danube, Nil et Jourdain, Souvenirs de Voyage*. Par L. Gabryel. Paris: Dentu.

† *La Vie Domestique en Palestine*. Par Miss Rogers. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Mes Chasses au Lion*. Par F. Chassaing. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Le Mouvement Scientifique pendant l'Année 1864*. Par E. Menault et A. Boillot. Paris: Didier.

|| *Le Milliard des Couvents*. Par J. M. Cayla. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *La Marine d'Autrefois, &c.* Par le Vice-Amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and we are glad that, in adding the ambition of a writer to that of a sailor, he has for once disregarded the advice of his friend Admiral Lalande.

*Mademoiselle de Malavielle**, which we had already seen in the pages of a periodical, is a story quite equal, in point of style and of interest, to those famous scenes of clerical life which founded the reputation of M. Ferdinand Fabre. The scene is in the Cévennes, and the hero, a Spaniard, after having appeared as a sheep-shearer, performed all kinds of deeds of prowess, and saved the life of the heroine, turns out to be a Spanish grandee, whom the revolutions of his country had compelled to seek refuge in France. *Mademoiselle de Malavielle* could not do otherwise than marry the Duke de Barrameda; whilst, out of the four villains of the book, two die, and the two others leave the country, ruined according to all the rules of poetic justice, and retaining, out of an ill-gotten fortune, nothing but a gig and an old broken-winded horse.

The victims of love † are so numerous that M. Hector Malot has thought it necessary to divide them into several categories. The present volume treats of married victims, and brings before us a young couple who, after dreaming of perpetual honeymoons and of a never-ending golden age, end by the most tragic adventures. The wife and daughter are very nearly starved to death by a heartless wretch, and the heroic devotedness of woman fails to lead back to the path of duty a rake and a spendthrift. If Baron Haussman had not destroyed the theatres which formerly gave so great a celebrity to the *Boulevard du Crime*, we should have advised M. Hector Malot to make a melodrama of the adventures of Maurice and Armande.

Boileau said once of the Frenchman that he was "*né malin*." Your true-born Parisian is, we may add, "*né flâneur*," and M. Jules Noriac is the *beau idéal* of the *flâneur*.‡ To walk under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli with a cigar in the mouth and an eye-glass screwed up for observation, to note carefully every piece of eccentricity and folly that strikes your fancy, to pass judgment on the most serious "actualities" (this is a choice substantive from the vocabulary of modern journalism), such is the province of the real *flâneur*. A few happy hits, and a great deal of silliness. We do not think it very complimentary to our neighbours to suppose them willing to purchase, at the cost of three francs, the pleasure of possessing a copy of M. Noriac's rhapsodies; but such, we presume, must be the case. If there was no demand, there could be no reason for publishing the *Journal d'un Flâneur*.

M. Armand Renaud is a bold man §; he cultivates poetry in a country and an age in which the muses have become obsolete. His compositions are unpretending, but elegant, harmonious, and full of genuine colouring. In his preface he has given the history of his earliest efforts, and described incidentally what we think should be the aim of real poets. It is high time that a protest should be entered against the childish fashion of considering exclusively rhythm, cadence, and language as the essentials of poetry. This is an exaggeration which M. Renaud denounces as it deserves.

* *Mademoiselle de Malavielle*. Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Les Victimes d'Amour—Les Époux*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Journal d'un Flâneur*. Par Jules Noriac. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les Pensées Tristes*. Par Armand Renaud. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 4 we stated, in connexion with Mr. Guinness's munificent restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the failure of previous efforts towards this end, that "the Knights of St. Patrick had failed to respond to the appeal urged by the Chapter." We wrote with Dean Pakenham's Report of the Restoration Committee of 1850 before us, which contains a grateful acknowledgment of the receipt of 10*l.* on Lord Clarendon's collecting card, but says nothing of the result of the appeal to the Knights of St. Patrick. Dean West, however, informs us, that several of the Knights, and in all probability subsequently to Dean Pakenham's Report, were among the subscribers to the restoration of the Chapter House. We are glad, therefore, to mention, that the late Prince Consort, the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Leirrim, the Earl of Donoughmore, the late Marquis of Downshire, Viscount Southwell, the Marquis of Headfort, the Earl of Arran, the late Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Rosse, and Lord Farnham, each contributed 100*l.*, while the Queen and the Duke of Leinster gave 200*l.* each. And, though not to have mentioned it was no part of the injustice done by us to the Knights, we take occasion to notice that Dean Pakenham alone subscribed 1,500*l.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

BEEHIVENIGHT, on Monday Evening next, April 3.—The Programme will include the String Quartet in F minor, No. 11, the Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello; the Sonata in G minor, for Piano-forte and Violoncello; the Romance in F, for Violin Solo; and the Sonata in D minor, Op. 28, for Piano-forte alone. Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Flatti; Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2*s.*; Balcony, 1*s.*; Admission, 1*s.*—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

MORNING PERFORMANCE on Saturday, April 8, to commence at Three and finish at Five.—The Programme will include Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, for Piano-forte and Violin; Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6; and the Invocation Sonata, by Duxek, for Piano-forte alone. Piano-forte, Madame Atwell; Violin, Herr Joachim. Vocalist, Mr. Cummings. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2*s.*; Balcony, 1*s.*; Admission, 1*s.*